HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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"WE ARE NOT TIRED!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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CIVILIZING THE INDIANS.

THE treatment of the Indians is admitted to be a dark page in our history. That the savages would have to yield to the onward march of civilization was indeed inevitable. But that they were subdued and stripped of their lands and partially exterminated, in many instances with revolting injustice and cruelty, cannot be questioned. There was an apparent excuse for much of what was done, so long as the Indians were a real danger to our outlying settlements, and the white frontiersman had to hold himself in a state of defence. But this is so no longer. The picturesque savage treading the forest or roaming over endless prairies, and living on the meat of the deer or the buffalo, is a thing of the past. The Indian warrior has ceased to be a terror. The remnants of the Indian tribes are now surrounded on all sides by the settlements of white people pressing upon the borders of their constantly contracting reservations. Their ancient hunting-grounds are crossed by railroads, and dotted with farms and ranches and mining camps. Their old mode of living is at an end. Their paint and feathers and guns and tomahawks and bows and arrows are to them only a reminiscence of a freedom and power which are forever gone. They are no longer objects of fear, and should now be objects of compassionate sympathy. Having ceased to be afraid of them, even the Western frontiersman, it is to be hoped, will be more disposed to be just to them. The wrongs done to their ancestors cannot be redressed. But they can, in some degree at least, be made amends for by a generous treatment of the descendants.

The generous course, if wisely directed, will also be the course of safety. The Indians will before long have to be absorbed in the great body of American citizenship. The question is whether they are to be a lot of lazy, worthless vagabonds, or measurably decent, self-supporting people—a more or less valuable, or at least harmless addition, or a pest, to American society. The matter of Indian civilization is therefore of importance not only to themselves, but also to the rest of us. To prepare the Indians for the position which they inevitably will have to occupy, schools have been established for the education of their youth, partly at the Indian agencies, partly in localities inhabited by white people. There has been for years a good deal of experimenting in this line, the different schools being conducted largely according to the notions and capabilities of the individual teachers presiding over them. At last an educator of tried ability and wide experience, Dr. W. H. HAILMANN, formerly superintendent of public schools at La Porte, Indiana, was appointed as superintendent of the Indian schools, to bring the education of young Indians under systematic order and method. And it may well be said that if an able and energetic superintendence is required in any system of public education, it is so in the Indian Department, where so many peculiar problems are to be solved, and where there is always danger that the intrusion of spoils politics, which defiles everything it touches, may divert the educational service from its true purpose. The creation of such an office and the appointment to it of such a man were emphatically steps in the right direction, meeting a long-felt want.

It hardly seems credible that in the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives a serious attempt should have been made to abolish the office of Superintendent of Indian Schools by refusing in the name of "economy" the appropriation for his salary. This attempt has happily been defeated. But the committee proposes such reductions in the appropriations for his salary, which is already too low, and for the schools themselves, that the whole scheme of Indian education is in danger of being very seriously crippled. Economy of this sort is not only a folly, but, in view of its effects, it is little less than a crime, and we earnestly hope that the House, when the appropriation bill comes up, will put a stop to it.

Another equally absurd and nefarious attempt to economize is the proposition made by the Appropriations Committee to refuse the appropriation for the Board of Indian Commissioners, and to cut down those for inspectors and special agents in the Indian service. The Board of Indian Commissioners has for many years been exceedingly useful in supervising the making and the execution of contracts, and in preventing collusion between faithless Indian agents and cheating contractors. The amount of money saved by the Board to the government cannot be estimated. And there is no branch of the government service that needs able and well-paid inspectors and special agents, and a good many of them, as much as the Indian Department. It has long been the favorite hunting-ground of speculators and thieves. To them it has presented unusual facilities, because so many of its operations in which money is involved take place in the faraway wilderness, beyond the reach of easy observation. Inspectors and special agents who visit the remote government establishments from time to time, and may unexpectedly drop down upon them to inquire into their condition, are the eyes and ears of the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Without them the central authority cannot possibly keep itself informed of what is going on. The watchfulness exercised through them saves the government untold thousands every year through the prevention or discovery of fraud and extravagance and the exposure of incapacity. Any measure abolishing the inspectors and special agents in the Indian service, or curtailing their number and efficiency, will be hailed with delight by faithless or incompetent Indian agents and by rascally contractors. These worthies will be found among the most enthusiastic advocates of this sort of economy. If Congress were in league with the thieves infesting or hovering around the Indian Department, it could aid them in no more effective way.

Wise frugality and economy in the public service are great virtues. But true economy knows how to spend money as well as how to save it, or, rather, how to spend a little in order to save much. It may always be regarded as the mark of a small politician to favor and to boast of a reduction of expenditures without considering the consequences. The Democrats in Congress have already so many follies to answer for that they should not, in addition, burden their party with the responsibility for stripping the Indian service of what is most necessary for its effectiveness and integrity.

NO FIGURE-HEAD FOR TAMMANY.

TAMMANY has given many evidences of wholesome alarm, but no rumor that has come from the Hall is more significant than that which couples the names of respectable citizens with Tammany's nomination for the Mayoralty. It is not surprising that Tammany should be willing to nominate a reputable citizen for Mayor. An anti-Tammany Mayor elected by Tammany would not be so damaging to the organization as a defeat. There is no doubt that Tammany would allay many suspicions that are now dimly pervading slow minds by the selection of a good candidate, and it would also thereby give courage to timid souls who are anxious not to see too much corruption in the Hall or in anything else, because they prefer not to fight, and would close their eyes to wrong rather than wage a crusade against it. If Tammany should nominate a good man as Mayor, many hundreds of easy-going people would conclude that "Tammany is not so bad after all," and the way would be thus prepared for a real Tammany Mayor two years hence.

There is no aggressive civic virtue in New York except when the public mind is excited as it is to-day over the revelation of the fact that Tammany, and consequently the city, is actually governed by criminals. If the Hall can postpone the fight against it, or if it can divert the attention of the public for a time, it will gladly sacrifice the Mayoralty. Tammany is not the organization to stand up stiffly against an outburst of public indignation. It is willing to bend in order to save itself, and it is intent on securing all that it can out of the wreckage in its present strenuous circumstances. It was quite willing to purchase freedom from a general investigation of the city government by agreeing to a non-partisan Police Commission, and if the Republicans did not make all that they hoped for out of that "deal" it is because they waited too long, and yielded too much to the demands of the public.

Even with an anti-Tammany Mayor, Tammany will control the city government. The heads of the departments will remain its humble and obedient servitors. Governor FLOWER'S veto of the bill giving the new Mayor the power to remove these officials prolonged Tammany's rule, no matter what the people may say at the polls. The question with it is whether it will have an anti-Tammany Mayor whom it nominates and elects, or one nominated and elected by its enemies. As for the city, the question is whether it will have a respectable figure-head for Tammany's gang of bandits, or a Mayor who will expose and fight against the wickedness of the Tammany heads of departments, and thus keep alive the decided public interest now felt in the struggle for good government.

It ought not to be difficult for a good citizen of New York to resist Tammany's temptations; but unfortunately our experiences have taught us that good men, or at least men of good reputations, are not to be counted on. Comptroller FITCH had an admirable reputation, but he permitted himself to accept favors from Tammany, and is now one of the most subservient tools of the "organization." It would be much worse to become a Tammany figure-head now that the Hall has been found out, and that some of its shining lights are in prison, than it was when Mr. FITCH turned his back upon his constituents, his duty, his former principles, and his honorable past. There is no doubt now as to the character of Tammany Hall in any one's mind. Its crimes and its criminals have been too thoroughly exposed. He who expects any good to come out of it is not only an optimist, he is too absurdly innocent to be trusted with the management of practical affairs. The good man who permits himself to be used by Tammany to prolong its power, and to aid it to tide over its present dangers and difficulties, must be held to do so with his eyes open. He will simply be an inadequate screen behind which the Tammany heads of departments will carry on their crimes, and he will be deserving of no sympathy whatever when he discovers, as he must, that Tammany has elected him to use him, and that when vacancies occur among the heads of departments he will be expected to appoint Tammany men in their places. That will be a day of shame and humiliation for the good man, but he will deserve his fate. The good man who accepts the Tammany nomination for Mayor next fall will quietly give aid and comfort to the enemies of good government and of society in New York and its vicinity. He will permit himself to be used for the purpose of gaining a Tammany victory. A good citizen can no more afford to lead the Tammany forces in the next municipal campaign than he can afford to accept the chieftainship of a band of brigands.

THE CHARGES OF ARMOR FRAUDS.

THE charges against the CARNEGIE steel-works are of grave importance because of the firm's admission of frauds in armor-making in response to former accusations. There is further weight given to them because the relations between these highly protected industries and the government have always been more or less dishonest. The iron and steel manufacturers of Pittsburg have been taught by years of protective legislation, for which they have paid in campaign contributions, that the government exists to add to their dividends, and that it is an indulgent parent from whom money is to be wrung by force or gained by cajolery or subterfuge. Last, but not least by any means, is the fact that no one has been punished for the admitted armor frauds.

There is no question about the frauds for which the firm has paid a fine of a little more than $140,000. The circumstances of these frauds have been set forth in the WEEKLY. Informers who had been employed in the CARNEGIE armor-shop revealed to Secretary HERBERT a conspiracy by which the government had been cheated out of many thousands of dollars. The frauds thus exposed, however, did not affect the essential integrity of the armor plates. Those plates were passed off as above the minimum, and premiums had been paid for them. They were found to be up to the specifications, and the government would have been obliged to accept them. The defects were not such as to make them valueless or to essentially impair their defensive strength. The makers pretended that they were superior, however, and received a reward for excellence, a large part of which the President and Mr. HERBERT compelled them to return.

The new charges are of a more vital character. They are, in brief, that the government has been systematically and constantly swindled by this firm, or by its principal workmen. So far nothing has been brought home directly to any member of the firm. It has not been alleged that either Mr. CARNEGIE, Mr. FRICK, or any of the owners of the mills, had personal knowledge of the frauds. How much knowledge, if any, or how much of acquiescence is to be inferred, remains to be seen after the evidence is all in. If the new charges are true, a crime little less than treason has been committed. Armor has been imposed upon the government, and placed upon battle-ships and coast-defenders, that is worthless. Plates supposed to be able to resist any but the projectiles of the highest power guns are full of holes. One accuser says that the plates on the *Monterey* would not resist ordinary fire, and that round shot would crumble them. It is alleged that in one of the plates of this coast-defender there is a blow-hole four feet deep, which was plugged for the purpose of deceiving the inspectors. As these inspectors knew that there was a blow-hole in the plate, a new one was bored. This one, of course, was made so small as to be immaterial. It is charged that the bolts by which the plates are fastened to the frame are so defective in make, in material, and in size, that the plates on the ships are insecure. If all these charges are true, these are crimes that endanger thousands of lives, and may threaten the integrity of the government.

No one knows whether they are true except the men who make the accusations. The government and the Ordnance Bureau of the Navy Department

are inclined to discredit them. The plates that have been received from the manufacturers have been submitted to practical and chemical tests by officers of the navy, among whom are some of the best steel-experts in the country. If there has been any looseness on the part of the government it has been in the inspection at the works. The shops are open day and night, but the force of inspectors has been sufficient only for the day work. Moreover, steel-experts have not always been selected for the task of inspection. Admiral RAMSAY, who is at the head of the bureau which details officers, has a mania for compelling officers to take turns at all kinds of duty, without regard to their special fitness. Therefore he has sent officers to Pittsburg who knew a good deal more about a marline-spike than about a piece of modern armor-plate. The officers of the Ordnance Bureau, however, have not much faith in the new charges.

There are many reasons why these charges should be examined cautiously besides the general and sound reason which holds an accused innocent until he is proved guilty. In the first place, the cupidity of dishonest workmen was excited by the large reward which the government paid to the informers in the first cases. In the second place, many of the workmen who are accusing the firm were the leaders in the Homestead strike; Burgess MCLUCKIE is especially prominent. In the third place, it seems impossible that plates so utterly bad as the informers describe those on the *Monterey* to be should be passed without the collusion of the inspectors, and so far in the honorable history of our navy its officers, with very few exceptions, have been men unselfishly devoted to their country and entirely above suspicion. In the fourth place, many charges have been made of collusion between the makers of armor and projectiles so extravagant as to be wholly improbable.

The civilian heads of the Navy Department evidently do not quite share the confidence of the ordnance officers, although they are somewhat suspicious of their informants on the ground already stated. They know, however, that it is the habit of mind of the people who have been living on the government for many years to get all that they can out of the Treasury. They have been prepared for the new charges by the admissions of the truth of the first charges. They know that some person or persons high in authority in the CARNEGIE armor-shop must have connived at the old fraud, and yet no such person has been discharged. It would seem as though the first thought of the firm after paying the fine imposed by the President would be to clear itself of suspicion by discovering the responsible superintendent or foreman, and dismissing him from its employment. Its failure to do this does not argue well for its sensitiveness.

Under all these circumstances an inquiry conducted by the Ordnance Bureau will not satisfy the country. The charges are of a heinous crime against the government. If it were committed in time of war, hanging would not be too severe a punishment for the offenders. Are the new battle-ships death-traps, and of no use for purposes of war? This is a question in which the whole country has a vital interest. The gravity of the accusations, and the circumstances which oppose the presumptions of innocence, make it improper that those who are interested in a finding of "not guilty," like the ordnance officers, should conduct the investigation. The inquiry should be thorough and judicial in its character. It ought to be conducted by a Congressional Committee.

BRIBING SENATORS.

IT is not, perhaps, to be expected that a gentleman who served in 1876 as a Republican member of Congress from South Carolina should be distinguished for either discretion or delicacy. Certainly the proposition that an ex-statesman answering this description is reported to have made to each of two Senators is not characterized by either of these qualities. It has not yet become a discreet proceeding to offer a Senator of the United States $25,000 for his vote without ascertaining beforehand that there was a likelihood of his accepting it, and even if that were ascertained, the proceeding would leave something to be desired on the score of delicacy.

But the assumption that there are Senators of the United States who are to be influenced in their public action by private considerations is not a rash assumption because there are certain forms of pecuniary temptation that are too gross and too hazardous to prevail upon them, or rather upon other Senators, since the two Senators approached by the crude and tactless briber are not two of the Senators who are reasonably assumed to have private motives for their public course. The assumption that there are such Senators is simply irresistible. A Republican Senator is, indeed, bound to oppose the Democratic tariff bill, but even a Republican Senator is not bound to obstruct it when it appears that a majority of the body to which he belongs is determined to pass it. It is agreed upon all hands that the passage of the WILSON bill as it came from the House, and that is the most radical project of law that has been before Congress, would be less hurtful to the business of the country than the suspense from which the business of the country is now suffering. Any decision, the business men of the country unanimously declare, is to be preferred to a prolongation of that suspense. So that it is neither a public service, nor even a party service, for Republican Senators to delay a tariff bill which they have no hope of defeating.

But as to the Democrats who have striven to delay or to nullify the work which the Democratic party had a clear popular mandate to perform, their course is injuring not only the country, but also and especially the Democratic party. That it is resented by their party may be plainly enough seen. Only the other day, at the Democratic Convention of Missouri, when an orator hesitated to name the latest successor of BENEDICT ARNOLD, the Convention promptly supplied the omission with shouts of "HILL!" And yet in this matter the Senator from New York is by no means the most suspicious character on the Democratic side of the Senate. He has the courage of his motive, and his open attacks on the bill from the floor tend to relieve him of the imputation of acting from a yet lower motive, if there be a lower, than personal spite. It is not the Senators who attack the bill in open Senate to whom sordid motives are to be imputed, but those who have sought "in hugger-mugger to inter it" in the secrecy of the Committee on Finance, and have loaded it with amendments in the express interest of the combinations made possible and sustained by high duties. With regard to such Senators the assumption of selfish interest is not only fair but necessary. No public motive, no party motive, no producible motives can be assigned for their course. Their motives must be private, selfish, and not producible. It is neither likely nor necessary, however, that they should yield to the clumsy blandishments of a carpet-bagger in order to gratify their greed and to betray their trusts. There are other and safer methods in which a Senator can trade upon his office. If the Senators who are now under the suspicion of the whole country wish to purge themselves of that suspicion, let them announce the names of their brokers, and invite investigations of their accounts with those brokers.

SENSATIONAL JOURNALISM AND ASYLUMS FOR THE INSANE.

IT appears to be a law of our social organism that all eleemosynary institutions, however well conducted, shall fall periodically under the ban of newspaper censure. The latest turn of the wheel of chance has singled out the department for females of the New York city Asylum for the Insane as the victim of the moment. This institution is now changing its seat of operations from Blackwell's to Ward's Island, where improved accommodations have been provided for it, and an "enterprising" newspaper has seized the opportunity to take a snap-shot at it, so to speak, while in transit. Naturally the picture does not present the institution with its best "company front." Any one who has experienced a spring moving, or, in lieu of that, a thorough-going house-cleaning, can faintly imagine the conditions that prevail when a household numbering more than two thousand members takes up its belongings and migrates from quarters that have sheltered it and its predecessors for more than half a century. Most fair-minded persons will agree that the housekeeping system of that family cannot fairly be judged during the time of confusion incident to settlement in the new quarters. Yet this is the time selected by the enterprising newspaper for its widely advertised "exposé."

The result, notwithstanding these "favorable" conditions, is by no means as startling as might have been expected. Indeed, when the real substance is distilled from the very high dilution of newspaper rhetoric in which it is disguised, it cannot properly be said to be startling at all, inasmuch as such portions of it as are not palpably untrue are exceedingly trite. Stated in a word, it appears that the insane wards of New York city are not housed or clothed or fed as the wards of a great rich city should be housed and clothed and fed.

Now it would be extremely useful to have this familiar fact reiterated over and over if the details were shown in proper perspective. But the utility of "exposés" that malign persons in no wise to blame, and all but ignore the really important bearings of the subject, may be very much questioned. In view of the befogging of the real issue which such exposés bring about, it is worth while briefly to state the important facts of the case, since they point unmistakably to a remedy for such evils as exist. The desire being for reform and not for sensation, a few sentences will suffice.

The asylums for the insane are almost unique among the departments of our city government in that their internal administration is altogether admirable. The general superintendent and his chief lieutenants are experienced, able, conscientious, and efficient men, and they so conduct their institutions as to win praise without stint from every qualified inspector who has a full understanding of the conditions imposed. Indeed, these institutions stand as models of cleanliness, neatness, *esprit de corps*, and economical management. But in one thing the authorities have persistently failed. They have never been able to give to one dollar the ordinary purchasing power of two or three dollars. This is the demand put upon them by those who criticise. Public asylums for the insane in enlightened communities are usually conducted on the basis of a weekly *per capita* expenditure of four, five, or six dollars. The New York State asylums, even under the uniform State Care provision, with its boasted economy, spend more than $4 per week. The New York city asylums are allowed $2 80 per week—about two-thirds the sum that is considered rigidly economical for institutions located in the country on farms that aid in supporting them. And then the authorities are held up to public contempt from time to time because their patients are not clothed and fed and housed on the same scale with the wards of the State! So much for newspaper justice.

But this is only half the story. While the provision for our insane is thus niggardly, it appears that the taxation for the purpose is liberal. What, then, becomes of the money? About $700,000 of it is turned over annually into the State treasury for maintenance of the State asylum system, in the privileges of which New York city does not share. And what does the city get in return? Absolutely nothing, except the very doubtful privilege of caring for her own insane in her own way. This apparent reversal of the maxim that charity begins at home, this seeming burst of altruism that places generosity before justice, is the really startling feature of our asylum system. The explanation of the anomaly is, however, very simple. The enormous bonus paid by the city to the State is the "hush-money" which our rulers are willing to give up in order that the patronage of the city asylums may remain within the clutches of Tammany. That is the whole story. If our city asylums were to enter the State hospital system (as the law permits), they could, without additional draught on the purses of the tax-payers, be creditably equipped, and conducted on such a scale that even newspapers on the alert for sensational items could not talk of the "starvation" of inmates. But in that event Tammany would lose the handling of the large sums that are required to maintain our asylums even on the present basis; a part of the patronage of the Department of Charities and Correction would be gone, and the machine as a whole would be to that extent weakened. Of course Tammany will not willingly give up a morsel of its patronage. The only hope lies in the arousing of a public sentiment that will force the transfer of our asylums to the State system. To that end newspapers that comment on the subject at all might advantageously state the plain facts, and fix the responsibility where it belongs. The real interests of the insane would best be subserved if more logic and less rhetoric were utilized in their behalf.

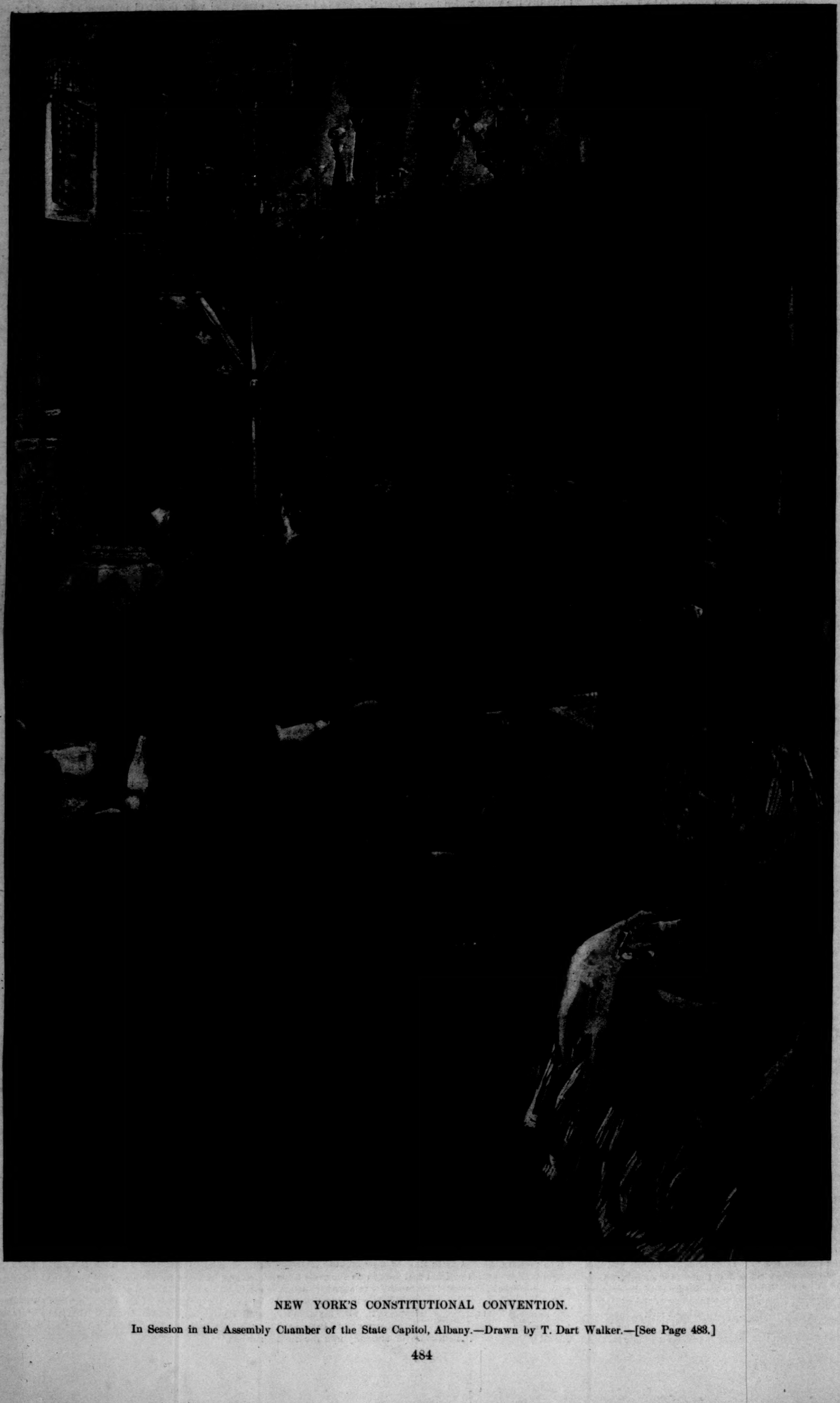
THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

IT has been said that the real Legislature of the State of New York is not the nominal Legislature that meets every year, but the Constitutional Convention which meets at long and irregular intervals, and of which the last before that now organized at Albany sat twenty-seven years ago. The victory of the Republicans in New York State last November was unexpected, and it is very likely to that unexpectedness that we owe the presence in the Constitutional Convention of its most eminent members. The organization of the Convention, however, has been conducted strictly on party lines, and the officers chosen for it—Mr. CHOATE, the president, Mr. THOMAS G. ALVORD and Mr. STEEL, the vice-presidents, Mr. CHARLES E. FITCH, the clerk, and the stenographer and sergeant-at-arms—were all selected in a Republican caucus. The Convention is lodged in a much more suitable and dignified fashion than its predecessor, for the Assembly Chamber, in spite of the disfigurement it has undergone in the ill-famed reconstruction of 1888, is a far more impressive apartment than the State possessed in 1867, and it has all the dependencies of committee-rooms and the like that are needed to facilitate the work of the Convention.

The most sensational and the most discussed part of that work has been the proposed amendment providing for woman suffrage, and this was brought into the realm of "actuality" by Mr. CHOATE'S allusion to it in his speech on assuming the presidency on May 8th. But most people fail to be convinced that the question is as yet practical or serious, or that the Convention is likely to take the serious responsibility of any recommendation with regard to it. The two most serious and urgent subjects that are to come before it are judicial reform and municipal reform.

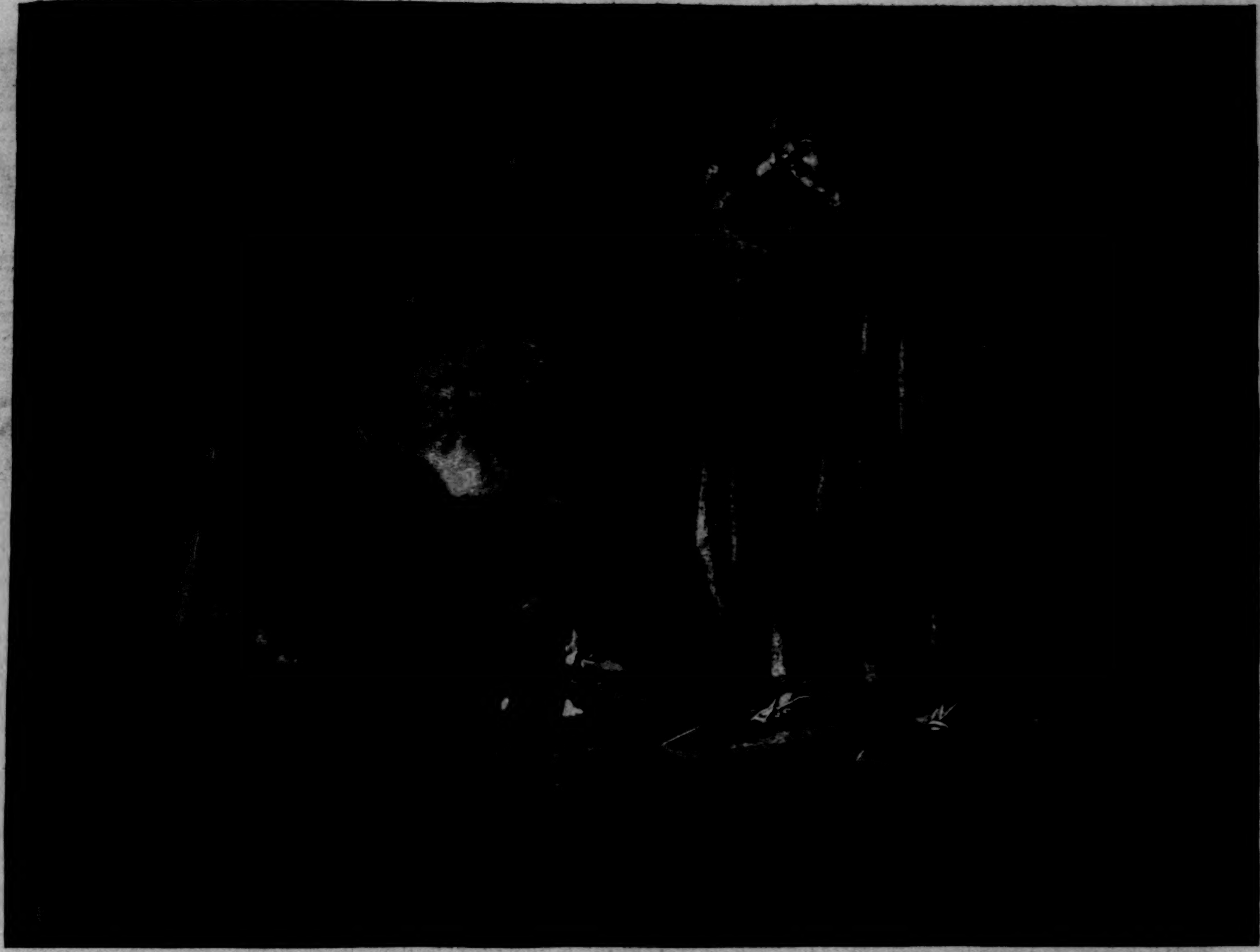
The former question is one for the lawyers alone to settle. It is admitted that the present machinery of the courts is inadequate to do its work, and that the delay of judgments and the accumulation of unsettled cases constitute a very serious public grievance. How this grievance is to be redressed is a question for experts. The Legislature created in 1890 a commission to devise a plan of reform, headed by ex-Judge DANFORTH, of the Court of Appeals, but the recommendations of this commission were not considered "practical," and were not submitted to the people. The prevailing opinion, perhaps, among lawyers is that it is necessary to enlarge the bench, if not to multiply courts, in order to enable the tribunal of last resort to keep up with its business; but there are other lawyers who insist, with great earnestness and plausibility, that a reform of procedure is practicable which shall operate to reduce the number of cases brought before that tribunal. The failure of the commission of 1890 is commonly attributed, however, to the proposal of that commission to reduce and limit the right of appeal.

Municipal reform has for a long time been a burning question, and is likely long to continue to be so. Nearly all of us are agreed that municipal government is the weakest point of our system. The latest attempt to deal with it radically is now twenty years old. It was made by the commission appointed by Governor TILDEN, and consisted largely in a proposal to restrict the suffrage for the auditing body of a city to property-owners. On that account the scheme fell through. The City Club of New York formulated, on the eve of the sitting of the Convention, a series of propositions that will doubtless command the consideration of that body. It proposes that the charters of cities shall be uniform for those of the same population, classified and varied according to population, and that the Legislature shall be prohibited from passing special local laws, though the charter of a city may be amended by the action of its citizens. It proposes also that proportional representation shall be had in city councils, and that municipal elections shall be separated from general elections by being held in different years. This last point is esteemed by all municipal reformers of capital importance. In fact, the proposals of the City Club are so moderate, so well considered, and so practical that they may well be made the basis of the action of the Convention on this subject.



NEW YORK'S CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

In Session in the Assembly Chamber of the State Capitol, Albany.—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.—[See Page 483.]



THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER V.

"PEGGY THE WATER-DRINKER PROPHESIES."

THE old year had rolled off into the shadows, and the new had spun round as far as April. Spring came to earth for a few hours a day and left early, and Winter, whistling, clanged his iron gates behind her, coolly refreezing the morass to which she had reduced the roads. Even at noon there was no genial current in the air, unless you took the sheltered side of hills and trees, and found Spring nestling shyly in windless coverts, though many a sennight had still to pass ere, upon some more shaded hummock, the harbinger May-flower would timidly put forth a white bud laden with delicate odor. Everywhere, down the hills and along the tracks, in every rut and hollow, the sun saw a thousand dancing rivulets gleam and run, and great freshets stir up the sullen ice-laden rivers to sweep away dams and mills, but the moon looked down on a white country demurely asleep.

Early in the month Matt, having previously said farewell in earnest to McTavit's school-room, left home for the spring sugaring. Billy, alas! could not accompany him as of yore, so Sprat was left behind too, by way of compensation to Billy. For company and co-operation, Matt took with him an Indian boy whose Christian name (for he was a Roman Catholic) was Tommy.

Matt had picked up Tommy in the proximate woods, where the noble savage ran wild in cast-off Christian clothes. Tommy belonged to a tribe that had recently pitched its wigwams in the backlands, a mile from Cobequid Village. To Mrs. Strang, who despatched the sugaring expedition and provisioned it, he was merely "a filthy brat who grinned like a Chessy cat," but to Matt he incarnated the poetry of the primitive, and even spoke it. Not that Matt had more than a few words of Algonquinese, but Tommy broke English quite unhesitatingly, and his remarks, if terse and infrequent, were deep and flowery, and sometimes intelligible. They generally ran backwards, after the manner of Micmac, which is as highly inflected as Greek or Hebrew. For the admiring Matt there was an atmosphere of romance about the red man which extended even to the red boy, and he had set himself to win Tommy's heart in exchange for tobacco, which was itself obtained by another piece of barter. Tommy smoked a clay pipe, being early indurated to hardship, after the Spartan custom of his tribe. There were sketches of Tommy, colored like the Red Sea, in Matt's secret gallery. Tommy was easy to do, owing to his other tribal habit of sitting silent for hours without moving a muscle. It was only rarely that Matt could extract from him native legends about Glooscap, the national hero, and Mundu, the devil.

The two boys set out together for a rock-maple district five miles off, drawing their impedimenta heaped high on a large sled. They were fortified for a three weeks' stay. Mrs. Strang had baked them several batches of bread, and with unwonted enthusiasm supplied them with corn meal for porridge, and tea and sugar, and butter and molasses, and salt pork and beef, all stowed into the barrel that would come home full of sugar. Their kitchen paraphernalia embraced a teapot and a teakettle, a frying-pan and a pot, while their manufacturing apparatus comprised a big pot for boiling sap, tin pails, Yankee buckets, dippers, and axes. Guns, ammunition, and blankets completed their equipment. Matt's painting materials were stowed away on his person, unobtrusively.

They took possession of a disused log cabin, formerly the property of a woodsman, as the advertising agent would have put it had he penetrated to the backwoods. Possibly under his roseate vision it might have expanded into a detached villa without basement, or a bungalow standing in its own grounds, but a non-professional eye would have seen nothing but four walls and a pitched roof with a great square hole in it to let the light in and the smoke out. These walls were built of unhewn logs in their rough natural bark. The floor was even more primitive, being simply the soil. It was necessary to thaw it by lighting the fire on it before the stakes could be driven in to support the cross-pieces from which the sugar-pot depended.

Then the boys chopped down a vast store of hard-wood for fuel and lanced the tall maples, catching their blood in birch-bark troughs through pine spills. They emptied the troughs into pails, and carried the sap to their cabin and boiled it in the big pot and cooled it again to sugar. A halcyon fortnight passed, full of work, yet leaving Matt leisure for daubing boyish fancies on pieces of birch-bark to cover withal the wooden walls of his home, which the aforesaid advertiser might not unwarrantably have described as a studio with a novel top-light in a quiet neighborhood. Possibly Matt's mural decorations would have enhanced the description. They comprised a fantastic medley of angels with faces more or less like Ruth Hailey's, and devils fashioned more or less after the similitude of Bully Preep, and strange composite animals, more or less like nothing on earth, moving amid hills and ships and lurid horizons. One night, when Matt had almost used up his hanging space and meditated a weeding of his gallery, he sat by the fire in the centre of the hut painting a more realistic picture, and giving an eye to the seething pot, in which the sap must change to molasses, and then thicken to maple syrup, and then to maple wax, ere it was ladled into the birch-bark dishes and set to cool outside the hut. A piece of fat pork hanging from a hook in the cross-piece just touched the surface of the sap and prevented it from effervescing. Tommy was asleep on a heap of fir boughs in a corner, for the boys took it in turn to watch the pot and replenish the fire. The soundness of Tommy's sleep to-night astonished Matt, for usually the young Micmac slept the sleep of the vigilant, aquiver at the slightest unwonted sound. Matt did not know that his ingenious partner had just completed the distillation of a crude rum from a portion of sap arrested at the molasses stage, and that he had imbibed gloriously thereof.

Matt's painting-stool was an inverted bucket. He wore a fur cap with pendent ear-laps that gave him an elderly appearance, and his feet were cased in moccasins made from the green shank of a cow. For some time he painted steadily, trying to reproduce the picturesque interior of the cabin with his rude home-made palette and brush. The air was warm and charged with resinous odors. The camp-fire burnt brightly, the hard-wood flaming without snapping or crackling, with only the soft hissing and spurting of liberated gases; the fire purred, as if enjoying the warmth. The yellow billows curled round the bulging bottom of the three-legged pot and sent up delicate spirals of blue smoke, tinged below with flame, to mingle with the white sappy steam, that froze as soon as it got outside and disentangled itself from the wood smoke by falling as hoar-frost. At moments, when all this smoke lifted, Matt could see the stars shining on him through the hole in the roof, stainless and far away in a deep blue patch of heaven. Somehow they made him dissatisfied with his work; they seemed like the calm sovran eyes of great painters watching his puny efforts to reproduce, with his pitiable palette, the manifold hues and shades of the simple scene around him—the greasy copper of the Indian boy's face, glistening against the yellow blanket which covered him and the olive-green boughs on which he lay; the motley firewood, the dull brown tones of the spruce branches, the silver of birch, the yellow of beech; the empty birch-bark troughs, silver-white outside and dull salmon within, touched with tints of light gold or gray. Why, there was a whole color scheme of subdued rich tints in the moss alone—the dead dry moss that filled up the uneven rifts in the log roof and gleamed with a mottle of green and olive and russet. He threw down his brush in despair, wondering if his uncle in London had any more colors than he, and if so, how they were made. Then he slipped out through the door, shutting it quickly to prevent the hut filling with smoke. The ground was white under a brilliant moon, with here and there patches of silver that wellnigh sparkled. Overhead pallid mystic golden rays of northern light palpitated across the clear star-strewn heaven. The trees showed more sombre, the birches and maples bare of leafage, the spruces and hemlocks and all the tangled undergrowth reduced to a common gray in the moonlight. Here and there a brown hummock stood solemnly with bared head. And from all this sleeping woodland rose a restless breathing, that incessant stir of a vast alien, self-sufficient life, the rustle of creatures living and moving and having their being in another world than the human, in that dim, remote, teeming underworld of animal life with its keen joys and transient pains. And every now and then a definite sound disengaged itself from the immense murmur: a chickadee chirped, a black-headed snow-bird twittered, a cat-owl hooted, a rabbit ran from the underwood, as faintly distinguishable from the snow in his white winter coat as he had been from the dead leaves over which he pattered in autumn in his gray homespun.

Matt stood leaning against the door, absorbing the multifarious night, and hardly conscious of the cold; then he went in, thrilling with vague sweet emotion and vast manful resolutions that cast out despair. But he did not take

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1960.

up his brush again. He sat down before the fire in dreamy bliss, all the asperities of his existence softened by its leaping light, and even that dead face of his father thawed into the pleasant motions of life. The past shone through a mellow, rosy mist, and the future was like the scarlet sunrise of the forest, flaming from splendor to splendor—a future of artistic achievement upon which Ruth Hailey's face smiled applause; a future of easy unsought riches which banished the gloom upon his mother's.

And then all of a sudden he caught sight of Tommy's clay pipe, fallen from his mouth on to the blanket; and an unforeseen desire to smoke it and put the seal on this hour of happiness invaded the white boy's breast. He rose and picked it up. It was full of charred tobacco. The craving to light it and taste its mysterious joys grew stronger. His mother had sternly forbidden him to smoke, backing up her prohibition by the text in Revelation—"And he opened the bottomless pit and there arose a smoke out of the pit, as the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit." But now he remembered he had left school; he was a man. He put the stem into his mouth and plucked a brand from the fire, then stood for a moment irresolute. He wondered if any instinct warned his mother of what he was doing, and from that thought it was an easy transition to wondering what *she* was doing. His fancy saw her still running backwards and forwards, working that great buzzing wheel, with stern, joyless face. He put down his pipe.

There was a fresh element in his dreamy bliss as he resumed his seat before the fire, a sense of something high and tranquillizing like the clear stars, yet touching the spring of tears. His head drooped in the drowsy warmth, he surrendered himself to voluptuous sadness, and the outside world grew faint and fading.

When he looked up again his heart almost ceased to beat. At his side loomed a strange female figure, her head covered with a drab shawl that hid her face. She stood in great snow-shoes as on a pair of pedestals, and the log walls repeated her form in contorted shadow.

The gentle purring of the fire, the Indian boy's breathing, sounded painfully in the weird stillness. From without came the manifold rustle of the night.

"Who are you?" he whispered.

"Give me a glass of water," she replied, sweetly.

"I haven't any water," he breathed.

"I am afire with thirst," she cried. "Quench me, quench me." Her shawl slipped back, revealing a face of wild uncanny beauty crowned with an aureole of golden hair. But the awesome thrill that had permeated Matt's being passed into one of æsthetic pleasure mingled with astonished recognition.

"Why, it's Mad Peggy!" he murmured.

"Ay, it's the Water-Drinker!" assented the beautiful visitor, in soft, musical tones, thereupon crying out, "Water, water, for God's sake!"

"I haven't any water, I tell you. Not till I git some from the spring in the mornin'. Hev some sap."

And Matt, starting to his feet, plunged the dipper into the barrel of raw sap that stood on the floor. Mad Peggy seized it greedily, and drained the great ladle to the dregs. Then she filled it again with delicious fluid, and then again, and yet again, leaving Matt aghast at her gigantic capacity. She was filling the dipper a fourth time, but he pulled it out of her hand, fearing she would do herself a mischief.

"I'm so thirsty!" she whispered, plaintively, in her musical accents.

"What are you doin' in the woods at this hour?" answered Matt, sternly.

"I'm looking for Peter. What a bonny fire!" And she bent over it, holding out her long white hands to the flames.

Matt divined vaguely that Peter must be the sweetheart whose desertion had crazed the poor creature. It was reported in Cobequid Village that the handsome German immigrant who had been betrothed to her had gone off forever, on the pretext of "sugaring," when he learnt that she was one of the Water-Drinkers, the unhappy family whose ancestor had refused a cup of cold water to a strange old woman, who thereupon put the curse upon him and his descendants that they might drink water and drink water and never quench their thirst. Peggy was reputed quite harmless.

"You haven't seen Peter, have you?" she cooed, suddenly.

"No," replied Matt, with a fresh nervous thrill. "But this is not a night for you to be out and about. It's bitter cold."

"It's bitter cold," she repeated—"bitter cold for an old man like you, but not for a girl like me, loved by the handsomest young fellow in the Province; the heart within me keeps me warm, always warm and thirsty. Give me more water."

"No, you've had 'nough," said Matt. "It's a shame your folks don't look arter you better."

"Look after me! They're all up at the ball, the heartless creatures; but I saw the weddings, both of them, in spite of them all, and I think it's high time Peter came back from the sugaring to *our* wedding, and I've come to tell him so. This is the spot he used to sugar at. Are you sure you haven't seen him? You are his partner—confess now," she wound up, cajolingly, turning her lovely face towards his troubled gaze.

"Can't you see I'm only a boy?" he replied.

"Nonsense. You're not a boy. Boys always call after me and pull my shawl. I know all the boys."

Matt felt the moisture gathering afresh under his eyelids.

"What's your name, then?" she went on, sweetly.

"Matt," he murmured.

"Ah, mad!" she cried, in ecstasy. "We are cousins—I knew it! That's what they call me."

Her wild eyes shone in the firelight. The boy shuddered.

"Not mad, but Matt!" he corrected her.

"Ah, yes, Mad Matt! Cousins! Mad Peggy—Mad Matt!"

"I'm not mad," he protested, feebly.

"Yes, yes, you are!" she cried, passionately. "I can see it in your face. And yet you won't give me a cup of water."

"You've drunk 'nough," said the boy, soothingly.

"Oh, what lovely little devils!" she exclaimed, catching sight of the wall decorations. "Do *you* see devils, too? Didn't I say we were cousins? Why, there's one of the bridegrooms—ha! ha! ha! I guess he didn't show the cloven hoof this morning."

"Which is the bridegroom?" asked Matt, piqued into curiosity.

"There—there he is! There is the boy!" She pointed to the best portrait of Bully Preep. "*He* always called after me, the little devil."

Matt's heart beat excitedly; his face crimsoned. But his strange visitor's next words threw him back into uneasy chaos.

"Oh, but everybody is saying how scandalous it is, with his wife only six months in her grave. Look how long Peter and I have waited. Most of the girls of the village get engaged half a dozen times; they don't know what love is; they don't know anything; they've got no education. But I've only been engaged once, and I'm so thirsty. And you've got her too, the little angel! Everybody is saying how hard it is for her! And yet they all go to the ball. May they dance till they drop, the hypocrites!"

"What are you sayin'?" faltered Matt. "Hard for Ruth Hailey? Why, she's only a little girl."

"She isn't a little girl. Little girls run after me. I know all the little girls. She's a little angel! Just as you've pictured her. Give me some more water."

This time Matt surrendered the dipper to her.

"Thank you, Cousin Matt," she said, and drank feverishly.

But seeing that she was about to dip again, he placed himself between her and the barrel. She turned away with a marvellously dexterous movement, considering her cumbrous foot-gear, and dipped the ladle into the seething caldron instead. But Matt seized her arm and stayed her from extracting the dipper.

"You'll scald yourself," he said.

"Let go my arm," she cried, threateningly. "How dare you touch me—you are not Peter!"

"You mustn't drink any more."

"You are very cruel," she moaned. "Who is that sleeping there? Perhaps it is Peter. I will wake him up; he will give me water. I am so thirsty!" She moaned and crooned over the three-legged caldron, stirring the sap feebly with the ladle in her efforts to wrest herself free, and the white steam curled about her face, and gave her the air of a young, beautiful witch bent over a caldron. Matt forgot everything except that he would like to make a picture of her as she appeared now.

"You'd best go to sleep," he said, at last, awakening to a remembrance of the strange situation. "There's my bed—those fir boughs—you can lie down there till the morning, and I'll cover you with my blanket."

"I want water," she crooned.

"You can't get it," said Matt.

"Then may the curse light on you and yours!" she cried, stirring the sap more fiercely in her struggle, while the vapor and the wood smoke rose in denser volumes around her. "May you thirst and thirst, and never be satisfied! And that is to be your fate, Cousin Matt. I read it in your face, in your eyes. Never to quench your thirst—never, never, never! To thirst, and thirst, and thirst for everything, and never to be satisfied, never to have anything you want. Mad Matt and Mad Peggy—cousins, you and I! Ha! ha! ha!" Her laugh of malicious glee made the boy's blood run cold. From without came the answering screech of a wild-cat.

"Lie down and rest!" repeated Matt, imperatively.

"What! stay here with you? No, no, no, Cousin Matt. I know what you want. You want to paint me and put me on the wall among the devils! No, no, I must be off to find Peter. I shall stay with him in his cabin."

Her grip of the dipper relaxed; it reeled against the side of the pot. She turned away, and Matt let go her arm and watched her, spellbound. She drew the thick dun shawl over her head, again veiling the glory of the golden hair, and almost brought the edges together over her sad beautiful face, so that the eyes alone shone out with unearthly radiance. Then she moved slowly towards the door and thrust it open, and the wind came in and filled the entire cabin with heavy, acrid smoke, which got into Matt's eyes and throat, and woke even the Indian boy, who sat up choking and rubbing his black, beady eyes.

"Dam door shuttum!" he cried, with unusual vehemence.

The words broke Matt's spell. He rushed to the door, but his smarting eyes could detect no gray-shawled figure gliding among the gray trunks. He closed the door, wondering if he had been dreaming.

"'Tain't your turn yet, Tommy," he said, waving away the smoke with his hand, and Tommy fell back asleep, as if mesmerized. Matt was as relieved at not having to explain as at Tommy's momentary wakefulness, which had braced him against the superstitious awe that had been invading him while the mad beauty cursed him with that sweet voice of hers that no anger could make harsh. He thought of the apparition with pity, mingled with a thrill of solemn adoration; she had for him the beauty and wildness of the elemental, like the sky or the sea. And yet she had left behind her other feelings—not only the doubt of her reality, but an uneasy stirring of apprehensions. Was there nothing but insane babble in this talk of Ruth Hailey and Abner Preep? A fear he could not define weighed at his heart. Even if he had been dreaming, if he had drowsed over the fire—as he must in any case have done not to have heard the scrape and clatter of snow-shoes entering—the dream portended something evil. But no! it was not a dream. Assuredly the sap in the barrel had sunk to a lower level. With a new thought he lit a resinous bough and slipped out quickly and examined the dry stiff snow. The double trail of departing snow-shoes was manifest, meandering among the bark dishes and irregularly intersecting the trail of arrival. The radiant moonlight falling through the thin bare maple boughs made his torch superfluous, except in the fuscous glade of leafy evergreens, along which he followed the giant foot-marks for some little distance. He paused, leaning against a tall hemlock. Doubt was impossible. He had really entertained a visitor. Not seldom in former years had he entertained visitors who came to camp out for the night, which they made uproarious. But never had his hut sheltered so strange a guest. He was moved at the thought of her drifting across the wastes of snow like some fallen spirit. He looked up and abstractedly watched a crow sleeping with its head under its wing on the top of the hemlock, then his vision wandered to the flashing streamers of northern light, and higher still, to those keen depths of frosty sky where the stars stood beautiful, and they drew up his thoughts yearningly to the infinite spaces. Something cried within him for he knew not what—save that it was very great and very majestic and very beautiful, mystically blending the luminousness of light and color with the scent of flowers and the glory of music; and at the back of his dim delicious craving for it was a haunting certainty that he would never reach up to it, never, never. The prophecy of Mad Peggy recurred to the boy like a cutting blast of wind. Was it true, then, that he would thirst and nothing ever quench his thirst? He held up his torch yearningly to the stars, while the night moaned around him, and the flaring pine wood cast a grotesque shadow of him on the pure white snow, an uncouth image that danced and leered as in mockery.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THIS·BUSY·WORLD·

THE spirited endeavors of sundry members of the largest churches in the city of Rochester to obtain a sanitary communion service seems to have been rewarded with a gratifying measure of success. It is only a few months since some of the more scientific of the Presbyterian brethren of Rochester determined that the hygienic perils attending the use of the conventional mouth-to-mouth communion-cup were disproportionate to the benefits received. The method used to prove the existence of these perils was to make a microscopic analysis of the wine left in the cups after they had been passed about among the communicants. It was asserted, after the analysis, that the left-over wine was heavily charged with unwholesome accretions. Whether its deleterious qualities were tested on insects or the lower animals, as is the custom of scientists in testing poisons, does not appear, but superstitious considerations of reverence seem not to have deterred the investigators from any experiments that they thought desirable. As a result of what was discovered and what was surmised, it was determined that the method of administering the wine should be changed. One proposition was to serve it in capsules, but that was rejected in favor of its distribution in individual cups. That method involved some practical difficulties, but they have been overcome, and an ingenious arrangement of trays and cups (a patent on which has been applied for) has reduced the hazards of each communicant to such a satisfactory minimum that the Baptists as well as Presbyterians are adopting it.

Science, so far, is triumphant, but there still seems something for it to do. The sacramental wine has been examined before and after using, and its deterioration determined. It still remains to analyze the communicant, and find out whether the spiritual gain which results from his use of these sanitary communion appliances is sufficient to warrant so many precautions and such painstaking in matters of detail. Microscopy has done its work with the wine; is there not occasion now for psychology, or some other branch of science, to deal with the partaker. If church rites are to be administered on scientific principles, it certainly seems reasonable to call in science to measure the results. For verily the schoolmaster is abroad, and if the church is to profit by his erudition, it should profit in full measure and not by halves.

Albeit there are those who believe that in this matter of "individual chalices" (for so the patentee calls them) the schoolmaster is farther abroad than he thinks. For in some churches it is the custom for the clergyman to drink the communion wine left in the cups, lest it fall into the hands of an analyst or a worse thing happen to it. But if the left-over wine were so poisonous such clergymen would be apt to die young, whereas the life-insurance tables say that they are exceptionally long-lived; and every one knows how many of them outlive their incomes, so that special funds have to be contrived for their support.

If there is any one particular in which the British beat the Americans it would seem to be in penmanship. The average specimen of English handwriting, as it comes to us across the water, is handsomer as well as more legible than the average American handwriting. Penmanship must be taught by better methods over there. The method most prevalent in American schools is to teach children what is known as the Spencerian style, in the hope that they will outgrow it before they come to have a handwriting of their own. The Spencerian style slopes from right to left. It is interesting to learn of the possibility of a revolt from this method. The Boston school committee lately considered the expediency of abandoning the sloping system and adopting vertical writing in its place. Everybody knows that school-children twist themselves out of shape as a natural preliminary to writing. Investigation in Germany, France, and England has led to the conclusion that their bent postures are due to the demands of sloping writing, and that when they write straight up and down they sit straight up and down, or at least much straighter. Not only is vertical writing more hygienic than the other kind, but there seems to be more demand for it. The Boston *Transcript* reports that at the Registry of Deeds in Boston the vertical handwriting is used exclusively, and the sloping writing is not permitted to appear on the books. The *Transcript* also says that the sloping system has been discarded in the public schools of Cambridge, Massachusetts; so that it is possible that, with the eventual permission of the school-book ring, the American handwriting may change, and perhaps improve.

In England, where the woman-suffrage proposition excites hardly less emotion than it does in the State of New York, attention has been paid to the reports of the recent election in New Zealand, the first in that colony at which women were allowed to vote. The suffrage act was passed there about six weeks before election. During those six weeks 109,461 women registered, of whom 90,200 cast their votes. The total registration was 302,987. The total of votes recorded was 220,082, so that out of every hundred voters forty-one were women. English suffragists feel that that is a good showing, and indicates that in New Zealand at least woman suffrage has won prompt appreciation.

It will be news to some Americans, and rather surprising news, that the best friends of the woman-suffrage movement in England are the Tories, and that Lord Salisbury favors it, and Mr. Gladstone is opposed.

Speaking of the three eminent English judges, Sir James Stephen, Lord Hannen, and Lord Bowen, who lately died within a month's time, the London *Times* remarks that none of them was in the first rank of advocates, and that the last two were puisne judges first, and were promoted. It notes it as a matter of long experience in England that the most successful advocates do not always make the most satisfactory judges, and remarks the growing disposition in Great Britain "to seek for judicial talents among those who have actually proved that they possess such gifts." It seems a most natural disposition, and it obtains to some extent in this country as well as in Great Britain, showing more conspicuously, however, in the cases of elective judges than among those who are appointed. The New York Court of Appeals gets a second-hand judge now and then; the United States Supreme Court much more rarely. Yet Blatchford was a promoted judge, and so is Gray. If the London *Times* has the selection of good judges especially on its mind, it is to be hoped that its attention will be called to the current

proposal to reform the judiciary of the State of New Jersey by making it elective. That fitter judges can be chosen at the polls in this country than Governors are willing to appoint is one of the most unexpected triumphs of democracy. It helps to make it credible that the people might save the government some trouble by electing postmasters, and that if Senators were chosen immediately by the voters a larger proportion of them might be able to earn their pay.

An opportunity is offered to the admirers of Tennyson in America to share in erecting a monument to him near his home on the Isle of Wight. The monument planned is "a lofty granite monolith in the form of an Iona cross," to stand on the highest point of the famous Down which overlooks the western end of the Isle of Wight, and separates the woods of Farringford from the sea. The cross, designed by Mr. Pearson, R.A., is to supersede the present wooden pile known to mariners as the "Nodes Beacon." The proposed site is one loved by the poet, who walked almost daily on the down at the edge of which the cross will stand. The cross will be in full view of the ships that pass The Needles, and will be a fitting memorial of a poet as much beloved in America as at home. There is no difficulty about raising the necessary money for it in England, but the committee want a thousand representative dollars from America, and in the belief that many Americans will wish to buy an interest in the work, it is stated that any subscription, however small, from any American, will be gladly received and acknowledged. Such subscriptions should be sent before July to the Rev. Joseph Merriman, D.D., Freshwater, Isle of Wight, England. A complete subscription list will be sent in due time to each contributor.

The Genesee Valley Forestry Association, which has its headquarters in Rochester, is in rather an amusing predicament. Last year it declared war on the gypsy moth, and to stimulate the school-children to fight it offered a reward to the scholar that would bring in the greatest number of cocoons. The prize number last year was 44,900. This year, to further stimulate the children's energy, the association offered a prize of ten dollars to each child who should beat last year's prize record before the 1st of June. The effect has been to stir the school-children to immense exertions, and also to the formation of trusts and syndicates for the capture of the rewards. The results have been amazing. One boy early in May had 950,000 cocoons to his credit; another, 437,000; another, 125,000. Weeks before the expiration of the time a score of children had filed valid claims to prize-money, and divers other scores promise to perfect their claims in ample time. The success of the experiment was immense, but the funds of the Forestry Association are very limited, and the gratification of its officers has been for some weeks very perceptibly qualified with dismay. But they hope to pay up, and the Rochester school-children trust, not too implicitly, that they will.

The London *Times* is unfavorably impressed by the cover of *The Yellow Book*, the note of which it finds to be "a combination of English rowdyism with French lubricity." So far as the qualities of the New Literature and the New Art which the new quarterly aspires to express are indicated in its first number, they are not likely, in the opinion of the *Times*, to crowd out the old. But then it is mean to judge a new baby by its looks, or a new illustrated periodical by its first number.

The Judiciary Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature lately reported a new bill against docking horses' tails, making the minimum fine for that fashionable barbarism one hundred dollars, and the maximum penalty three hundred dollars and a year in jail. It would be interesting to know whether such laws ever have any practical effect. So far as the immediate operation of docking goes, when skilfully and carefully done, with the use of cocaine or some other local pain-killer, it seems about as painful as cutting one's finger nails. When unskilfully done no doubt it hurts more, yet even then there is the compensating consideration that what a horse loses at one end he usually gains at the other, and once his tail is short he knows the bearing-rein no more.

Be it remembered as summer approaches that since the 8th of March ultimo, when the Governor of New York signed Chapter 115 of the Laws of 1894, the only legitimate dog and cat catchers in New York have been the agents of the S.P.C.A. The society is empowered to carry out the new law, which charges two dollars a year for dog licenses, and forbids dogs or cats to go abroad without collars with their names and addresses on. The society's men wear brown Bedford-cord uniforms and badges, and will take good care of licensed dogs wearing tags if they find them straying. The dog-pound and the old-time dog-catchers are no more.

Wagner opera may not be as remunerative as some other kinds, but it is the next best thing—it is indispensable. As soon as the difficulties of having it have conquered and driven it out, consideration begins of the difficulty of getting on without it, with the result that presently it comes back. London's experience with it is something like New York's, and a British contemporary remarks it as a curious sign of London's musical life that "while there is not enough permanent support given to German opera in London to warrant the presentation of Wagner's later dramas as part of the regular season's work, no concerts pay better than those of which the programmes consist mainly or exclusively of compositions by Wagner originally designed for the theatre."

The new Vanderbilt dormitory at Yale is said to have cost already about $800,000, and is expected to bring into the college a net annual income of $22,000. The average rent of each of the sixty-nine rooms in it is placed at $360 a year. The rooms in the two other new buildings, White and Berkeley, will rent for nearly $300, and will also bring in convenient sums to the university. But it is mentioned as the drawback of the fine new income-producing structures that they have taken the place of old buildings in which rooms were cheap, that the effect will be that the poorer men in college who cannot pay high rents will be driven away from the campus and forced to live outside. That the dormitories that border the campus and are nearest to the heart of Yale should be almost entirely given over to the scions of opulence is somewhat revolting to Yale's traditional democratic spirit, and fears are expressed that luxury and pride will wax among the sons of Eli at the cost of learning, and possibly even of muscle, which is a sad, sad thought. But the new buildings are fire-proof, and the university needs the money they will bring in, and no remedy immediately suggests itself.

E. S. Martin.

GENERAL ROBERT P. DECHERT.

Robert Porter Dechert was born at Reading, Pennsylvania, August 16, 1842. He came from good Revolutionary stock. His great-grandfather, General Andrew Porter, was the commander of the First Pennsylvania Artillery.

General Dechert attended the school of Professor E. D. Saunders in West Philadelphia. He had intended to study law in the office of his brother, Henry M. Dechert, of Philadelphia; but although not of age when the war broke out, he enlisted in the Twenty-ninth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, in which, before he was twenty, he was commissioned First Lieutenant. He rapidly advanced after this in grade, and in 1865 was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel "for distinguished and meritorious services during the war."

Later he served as aid on the staffs of Colonel George L. Andrews, Brigadier-General Thomas H. Ruger, Major-General A. S. Williams, and General Henry W. Slocum. He took part conspicuously in the battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, and Chancellorsville. At Gettysburg he was Assistant Adjutant-General of the First Division, Twelfth Army Corps. He also marched with Sherman to the sea.

GENERAL R. P. DECHERT.
Died in Philadelphia, May 19th.

Upon his return from the war, in 1867, he joined the Gray Reserves, being elected Captain of Company F. He afterwards became a member of the Philadelphia City Troop, passing from the rank of Sergeant to that of Cornet. In 1878 he became Colonel of the Second Regiment. In July, 1890, he was promoted to be Brigadier-General of the First Brigade.

General Dechert was an eminent lawyer and a distinguished politician. He was Assistant District Attorney of Philadelphia under the late Furman Sheppard, and in 1870 he was elected to a seat in the State Legislature. Among the acts he was instrumental in placing on the statute-books was the law enabling criminals to testify in their own behalf. In 1874 he was again chosen Assistant District Attorney. In 1881 he was elected City Comptroller by a large vote, and re-elected in 1887. Socially, General Dechert was connected with a large number of clubs and societies. He was a prominent Mason, and a member of the Pennsylvania Society of the Sons of the Revolution.

HOW THE WOMEN CARRIED THE DAY.

While the never-ending discussion of the right of woman to vote goes on, the student of the subject may profitably turn aside into the seclusion of New Jersey, and there examine certain recent political occurrences at Park Ridge. No point in this discussion of woman's voting is more constantly brought up than the question, Would she vote if she could? Some say she would; others, with that healthful division of public opinion so essential to a free people, say she wouldn't. Let us look at Park Ridge.

For a clear understanding of the political situation at Park Ridge it should be explained that the usual party lines are not drawn there, or rather that the old parties have been swept away and new ones formed. These two great opposing Park Ridge parties are known as the Commuters and the Punkin-Dusters respectively. The Commuters, as the name hints, are those who live there nights and Sundays, and spend the rest of their time in catching trains and ferry-boats to and from this city, incidentally, also, passing a few breathless hours here each day with that feverish, hunted gaze peculiar to the suburbanite fixed on their watches and time-tables. The Punkin-Dusters, on the contrary, are the people who spend their whole time at Park Ridge, either in the actual work of punkin-raising (which agricultural operation includes, we infer, keeping the fruit carefully dusted) or in kindred pursuits. Astronomically speaking, the Punkin-Dusters are fixed, while the Commuters may be likened unto exceedingly migratory comets, revolving in small elliptical orbits at a frightful rate of speed, and throwing off a nebulous train of galoches, umbrellas, and parcels from the city stores.

For the past three years party feeling on the school question has run high at Park Ridge. The Commuters have advocated one policy—the Punkin-Dusters have stood for another. The Commuters have held to a radically modern policy for the school, openly calling for various new-fangled notions, such as kindergarten work, natural history teaching, and no corporal punishment. The Punkin-Dusters, on the other hand, have clung to distinctly conservative tenets, pinning their faith chiefly to birch and the late Noah Webster's incomparable Spelling-book, which opens with the engraving on wood representing the Goddess of Fame pointing to the Temple of Knowledge as she holds the hand of awe-stricken Youth, and closes with the facts in the case of the maid who would fain buy the green silk gown and the crafty farmer who puts the plain blunt lawyer to flight with his whose-ox-was-gored entanglements. In proof of the soundness of their views the Commuters have shown that they are indorsed by the leading educators of the country; while to back their ideas the Punkin-Dusters have silently pointed to the many likely men of the past and present who were nurtured on the spelling-book. But let us come to the practical facts of the struggle.

For three years, though the Commuter party existed, it never polled a vote on election day. This extraordinary state of affairs was brought about by the fact that the election was held in the daytime, while the party was, so to say, in apogee. For three successive election days the contest consisted simply of the Punkin-Duster party assembling at the polling-places and casting its vote for its candidates. While it did this, uttering shouts of derisive laughter, the Commuter party was in this city, hastily doing business, with an agitated eye on its timepiece. And when the Commuters returned to Park Ridge, on the 6.17 train, it was to find election over, and the new trustees getting prices on spelling-books in car-load lots, and the teachers out cutting more birch switches. Naturally this was trying on party organization, and predictions have been freely made in political circles of late that the grand old Commuter party was going to smash. But help came from an unexpected quarter.

The day before the recent election it was seen that things were going as they had in the past. The Punkin-Dusters had called the meeting for the middle of the day, after the 9.41, the 10.13, and even the 11.39 train had gone, and before so much as the 3.22, to say nothing of the 4.01, train had arrived. Gloom pervaded the ranks of the Commuters. But that evening the wives of a few of them got together and decided on a plan of campaign.

At the appointed hour on the morrow, after the last Commuter had dashed down the street and grasped the disappearing platform of the rear car of the last train, the Punkin-Dusters, each with his ticket in his hat, took up their line of march to the polls, singing campaign songs, and asking, in a triumphant voice, "What's the matter with Jim Doubleday?" who was their leading candidate. They were exactly forty-five strong. Just before they reached the polling-place they were rendered speechless by observing, coming from the opposite direction, a cloud of Commuter wives, singing no songs, asking no self-evident questions, but marching straight on, arm in arm. A hasty count showed the terrified Punkin Dusters that there were seventy of these passive Commuters. With hearts heavier than their pumpkins they cast their ballots as a matter of form; but the outcome proved that their worst fears were realized. The canvass showed a majority of twenty-five for the Commuter candidates. The result was telegraphed to the successful men, and before they left this city on the 5.03 train they got figures on picture-blocks, colored paper, wet clay, microscopes, and other modern implements for the cultivation of the fertile mind of childhood.

Let the friends of woman suffrage take heart. The sex will vote when there is a good reason for its so doing.

H. C.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Oh! years that ceaseless come and go,
Processional with thronging hours,
Each May-time pause, o'er friend and foe,
Comrades at last, to scatter flowers.

The good swords rust; the drums are still;
The children's children sing and play.
Oh! marching years, o'er vale and hill,
Drop flowers, this fair Memorial Day.

Margaret E. Sangster.

THE PEARY AUXILIARY EXPEDITION.

The announcement was made at the monthly meeting of the Philadelphia Geographical Club, on Wednesday evening, May 2d, that an expedition, to be known as the Peary Auxiliary Expedition, will sail from New York on June 24, 1894, for Newfoundland. The party will consist of seven persons. Lieutenant Peary, before leaving Philadelphia, deposited funds and instructions with Professor Angelo Heilprin covering this relief project.

The leader of the party will be Henry G. Bryant. They expect to reach St. Johns, Newfoundland, in time to leave that port in the *Falcon*, which they will there find awaiting them, on July 4th. The first stop will be at Godhavn, on what is called Disko Island, in North Greenland. This is a Danish settlement, and recognition of the expedition by the officials at that point will be secured through the State Department at Washington.

Continuing north, Melville Bay will be crossed as quickly as the condition of the ice will permit, and Cape York visited. From here the run will be direct to Peary headquarters at Boudoin Bay, in Inglefield Gulf, in latitude 77° 43′ north. They calculate to reach this harbor by July 25th.

Lieutenant Peary and his companions are not expected to return to this point from their long sledge trip through the ice-floes until the last of August. In the mean time the *Falcon* will be employed in original research. The Baffin Bay shore of Ellesmere Land will be explored for some trace of the young Swedish explorers Bjorling and Kallstenius, whose schooner was wrecked on the Carey Islands in the summer of 1892, and who left a message on these islands, which was recovered by a Scotch whaler in October, 1893, stating that they proposed to seek refuge among the Eskimos of Ellesmere Land.

HENRY G. BRYANT.

Jones' Sound will also be explored for a greater distance than has yet been attempted, and the effort made to map out the 300 miles of unknown coast-line forming the northeast shore of Jones' Sound and the western border of Ellesmere Land. This triangular area of 100,000 square miles, known as Ellesmere Land, is one of the few large territories the outlines of which have not yet been determined. A tribe of Eskimos are said to inhabit this land who have so far come in contact with explorers.

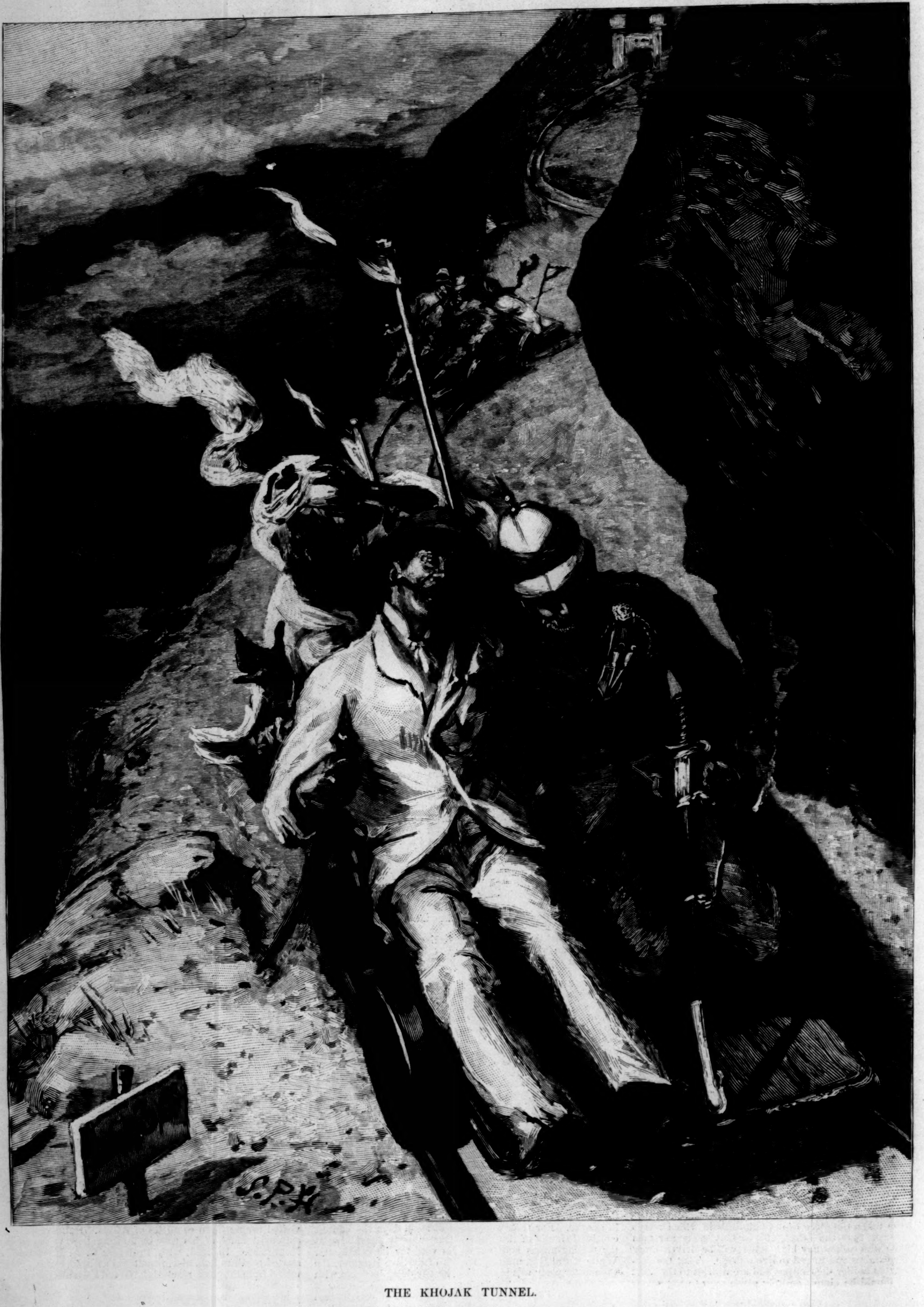
The *Falcon* will be back at Boudoin Bay on September 1st, and expects to reach Philadelphia with the Peary party on September 15th. Dr. Axel Ohlin, a Swedish naturalist, representing the friends of Bjorling and Kallstenius, will accompany the Auxiliary Expedition.

The leader will be Henry G. Bryant, who was born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, on November 7, 1859. He is the son of Walter Bryant, a well-known Pittsburg merchant. Young Mr. Bryant graduated from Princeton College in 1883, and after studying law in the office of Hon. Robert N. Wilson, of Philadelphia, graduated from the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1886.

He has been an insatiate traveller. In 1884 and 1886 he visited the northern countries of Africa. Subsequently he employed much of his time in hunting trips to the Rocky Mountains. In 1891, with Professor C. A. Kevaston, he started north to Labrador, penetrated a distance of 350 miles inland from the coast, reached the Grand Falls after many privations and hardships, and found their height to be 316 feet.

Mr. Bryant was second in command of the Peary Relief Expedition sent out by the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science in 1892, under the leadership of Angelo Heilprin. Upon his return from this trip Mr. Bryant published a volume on Labrador. He is now secretary of the Geographical Club of Philadelphia.

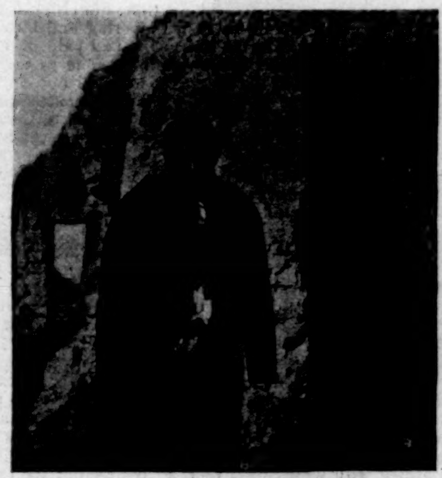
S. Millington Miller, M.D.



THE KHOJAK TUNNEL.

Down Grade at the Rate of Thirty Miles an Hour.—[See Page 503.]

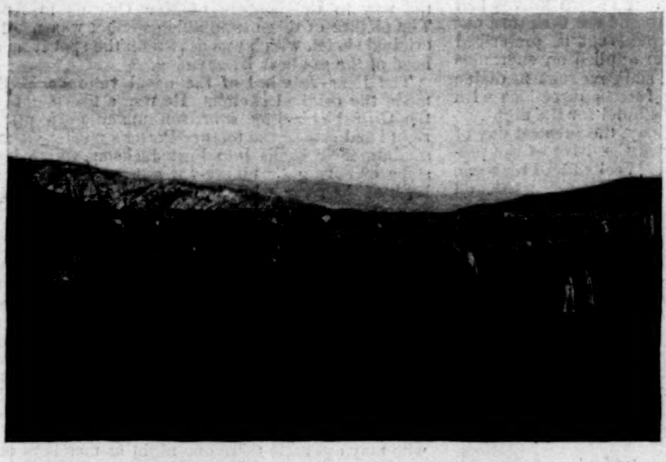
PENITENTE CHURCH AT RANCHOS DE TAOS.



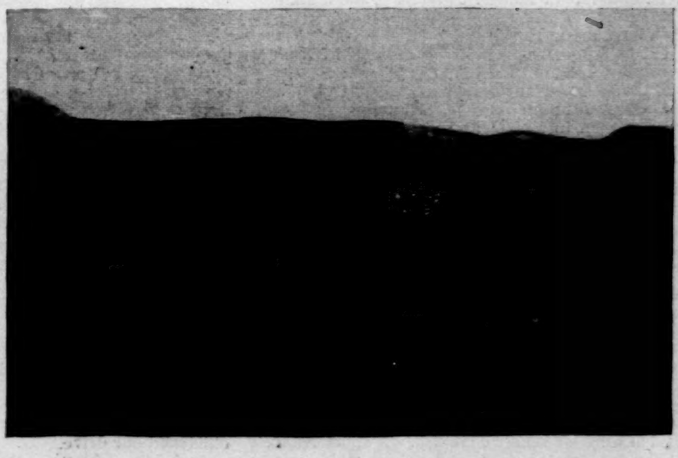
A FLAGELLANT THE DAY AFTER THE SCOURGING.

THE HOTEL IN TAOS.

PROCESSION OF FLAGELLANTS ON MAUNDY-THURSDAY.—Drawn by Max F. Klepper from a Photograph.



AFTER THE CRUCIFIXION—CHILDREN REPRESENTING THE WISE VIRGINS.



PENITENTE MORADA, WHERE PART OF THE CEREMONIES ARE HELD.

THE CRUCIFIXION, THE SOLDIER HOLDING SPEAR.

THE PROCESSION AFTER THE CRUCIFIXION.

HOLY WEEK WITH THE PENITENTES OF NEW MEXICO.—From Photographs by D. J. Flynn.—[See Page 490.]

HOLY WEEK WITH THE PENITENTES.

For two months or more I had been in diligent correspondence with the Americans of New Mexico, in search of some definite information regarding the services of that most fanatical of all secret orders, the Penitentes. Scant success rewarded my efforts. Some replied that while they had lived in New Mexico for years, and had frequently heard of these peculiar rites, they had never witnessed them, as they were always conducted at night, either on open plains or in the lonely cañons, and that the presence of Americans was neither desired nor permitted. Others wrote that the advance of civilization had brought about a discontinuance of the barbaric practices in question, and that, no matter where I might go, the simple fact of my presence would be sufficient to cause the withdrawal of the participants to more remote and inaccessible parts.

No one could offer the inducement of certainty, no matter how far we might travel to see them, and danger of bodily harm was frequently suggested as the penalty of too open perseverance. I had stated in my letters my intention of photographing the scenes, but in every instance this proceeding, or the attempt at it, was strongly discouraged, owing to the peculiar but well-defined prejudice of Mexicans in general, and the superstitious order of Penitentes in particular, against being subjected to this process.

It was therefore with strong doubts as to the ultimate success of our expedition that our little party of four, two ladies and two men, left Denver on Tuesday morning of Holy Week for the "Land of Poco Tiempo." Wednesday noon found us at the forlorn station of Tries Piedras, with the wind blowing hard and bitterly cold. However, full of confidence in the efficacy of our multitudinous ulsters, mackintoshes, seal-skins, and steamer rugs, we climbed into the open wagon which there awaited us for our thirty-five-mile drive across the open prairie to the little town of Taos. Six hours were consumed in this drive, and every moment the wind blew more and more fiercely, causing suffering which before the end came had become simply exquisite. Our Mexican driver, utterly devoid of the slightest comprehension of the English language, sat stolid and indifferent, but urging on our hardy team of white broncos, until finally the few scattered lights marking our journey's end came in view.

Pulling up in front of a long, low, one storied adobe building facing on a primitive plaza, mine host, in a curious mixture of German and Spanish, bade us welcome, and our spirits rose at the cheering sight of the blazing piñon wood in the curious adobe fireplace built in the corner of each room. A plain but wholesome supper served to complete the transformation, and we rose refreshed and light-hearted, ready once more for anything in the way of adventure which fortune might offer.

Taos and its immediate neighborhood enjoys a population of probably twelve hundred Mexicans and but six Americans. One of these latter, a physician, had been my correspondent, and shortly after our arrival he called on us in person, greeting us with an air of hospitality and freedom which seemed thoroughly in accord with his huge frame. A native of New York city, and a graduate of one of its best medical colleges, he drifted to Taos some four years ago, and since then has risen to high favor with all the Mexicans for miles around, by reason of his ability as a physician and surgeon and an intense personal magnetism. From him we learned that in all probability we would be able to see the Penitentes at their best on the following day by driving to the Ranchos de Taos, four miles away. Accordingly, the next afternoon we started out, accompanied by the doctor, a civil engineer, graduate of Lehigh University, and a mining man from Montana.

The road to Ranchos de Taos led along the foot-hills of the Sangre de Cristo range, until, climbing a steep hill from a little settlement of most ancient-looking adobes, we came to the top of the mesa. Here a most unexpected view met our eyes. About four hundred Mexicans, men, women, and children, were drawn in a straight line, extending from a small adobe hut at one end of the field to a large cross standing about a quarter of a mile away. Scowls and angry glances were directed at us from all quarters as we drove along seeking a point of vantage, and calls to turn back were sent after us as we drove beyond the line which they had formed. We could not approach the line of march closer than about 125 feet, and here we halted our horses to await developments. Not an American was to be seen outside of our wagon, and the fact that our presence there was most unexpected and unwelcome was plainly indicated by the gathering together and low-toned consultations which immediately took place among the natives.

Within a few minutes a small band of men was seen to emerge from the adobe hut, headed by one carrying a crucifix upright before him. Directly behind him came another, playing a weird and solemn tune on a piccolo; and following them were six others chanting. A short distance after the chanters came two men clad only in white cotton drawers, with black bags placed over their heads, and bound about the forehead with red bandannas. Streams of blood were gushing down their backs, where deep cuts had been made with pieces of flint or glass. The day was cold, and the exposure to the wind of the chill March day would in itself under ordinary circumstances have been brutal punishment to most mortals. The field was covered with a rank growth of thorn-cactus, sage-brush, and stones, and these blindfolded men must have suffered untold agony as their bare feet were pierced and bruised at every step. Halting until the line had closed up, the leader then started again at a slow pace, and the two men who were stripped to the waist commenced to apply to their backs fierce blows with the cactus whips which they carried in their hands. At every other step the whip was brought first over one shoulder, then over the other, and at every blow sank deeper and deeper into their already torn and bleeding bodies. So sharp were these needlelike "disciplinas" that it was only by a strong effort they could be wrenched from out their bed of flesh. Not a murmur nor a sound, however, escaped from the lips of the flagellants as they walked along in their slow and terrible march. Frequent stops were made, during which the blows fell even more rapidly, till it seemed an eternity before the cross at the other end of the field was reached. We estimated that at least five hundred of these self-inflicted blows were administered in this journey, and not in a single instance could we discover any falling off in their severity. Arriving finally at the cross, the entire party fell on their knees and continued their mournful chant, while the two scourgers, as though their endurance had not yet been fully tested, commenced to move around in a wide circle about the cross, still on their knees, and still applying this awful knout. When they had completed this, the line of march was again resumed, and as the procession passed, the on-lookers involuntarily closed up slightly to obtain a nearer view. Weak and exhausted by this time, but still bringing that terrible whip to fall on their quivering and bleeding backs, they repassed us at the same slow and painful walk. We were then very close, but it was impossible to use our camera at this range, as the Mexicans were all around and about us. So terrible had been the punishment administered, and so sharp and knifelike were the whips, that the entire covering of flesh had been torn off, leaving the bones of the ribs exposed to full view.

Had this punishment been administered as a penalty for crime, our whole nature must have revolted, and the victim could never summon sufficient nerve to stand it, but so strong a hold has religious enthusiasm upon this poor, benighted, superstitious people, that an unnatural fortitude enabled them to bear it uncomplainingly, and this fact made it possible for us to witness it with less repugnance.

As soon as this party had entered the doors of the *morada*, or Penitente house of worship, another and much larger one started on the same pilgrimage. In this second party, immediately following the chanters, came two men stripped and masked like the others, but bearing on their shoulders high crosses about fifteen feet in length, made of rough timbers twelve inches in diameter, weighing, I should judge, between three hundred and four hundred pounds. As this procession started, at the same pace adopted by the first, two men armed with whips took their places behind the cross-bearers, and at every step applied vicious blows upon the naked backs of the men in front. Following them came a party of eight flagellants, and behind them about a dozen more rough, uncouth, unshaven Penitentes, carrying in their hands and elevated in front of them primitive and uncouth figures of all the saints in the Litany. Again the cruel blows resounded across the silent field, for not a sound was heard save the occasional chant. Every head was uncovered, and the aspect of the spectators during the passing of the procession was most reverential. All the way to that far-off cross the former scene was repeated, and upon the return of this party we tried to perpetuate the picture upon the films. The distance, however, was too great to do it full justice. In every case the blood flowed in torrents down the backs of the flagellants, staining the drawers to the ground, and leaving the subjects of this terrible sacrifice so weak they were hardly able to complete the journey.

We had seen enough for one day, and drove back to Taos, trying hard to fight against the feeling of depression which fell upon our whole party.

That night, as we sat in the doctor's cozy office discussing the scenes of the eventful day, a call came for him to attend one of this band, who, by exposure to the weather and the terrible punishment, had contracted pneumonia. Cheerfully accepting the doctor's spontaneous invitation, I donned my heavy ulster, and together we followed the father of the sick man to a wretched hut beyond the town. As we neared the place the doctor called a halt, and pointed out to me across the field and a mile away, the light of a lantern moving slowly along. Straining our ears, we could catch the weird and ghostly music of the piccolo, denoting that another band of Penitentes were going through a service precisely similar to that which we had witnessed in the afternoon. The night was raw and dark and cold, and we in our heaviest coats suffered in it. What then must have been the torture of these poor naked men?

Passing on over the rough, deserted road, we came to a wretched hovel, and entering this, found the patient lying on a mattress spread on the earthen floor in one corner of the single room. His face was drawn and pinched with pain, but no complaint was heard. I cannot describe the condition of his back, but it looked as though sharp knives had been drawn across it in all directions and the flesh torn out with pincers. A flaxseed jacket could not be prescribed under these conditions, so the doctor applied an enormous fly-blister on the poor fellow's chest, and gave some medicine for the high fever. After leaving further directions with the family, we returned to our adobe hotel for the night.

The following day was Good-Friday, the greatest day of all, and in the afternoon we repeated the drive of the previous day. Up to and including Holy Week of 1891 the scene of Calvary's crucifixion had been faithfully rehearsed, and no difficulty was ever experienced in the matter of finding willing subjects. So persistent, however, has been the opposition of both church and state to all the exercises of the Penitentes, and so many men had actually died while nailed to the cross, that a new plan was adopted, and instead of nails, wet rawhide was used to fasten the victim. This practice is still continued, but in the ceremony which we witnessed a jointed figure of Christ was used in place of the living man. On this day we had in our party a man who had been in New Mexico since 1853, and a resident of Taos since 1859. For many years he served as a captain of spies and scouts under Kit Carson (who, by-the-way, lived in Taos and is buried there), and many a tale of adventure and war enlivened our drive.

Arriving again at the theatre of yesterday's awful scenes, and finding the ceremony of the crucifixion about to begin, we drove up to a point directly behind the crowd, and within about twenty-five feet of the principal actors. In the centre stood the crucifix, and beside it, gazing steadily at the figure suspended thereon, was a man representing the soldier who pierced the side of Christ. To convey the idea of his calling, this man wore round about his head a white cloth, stuck in the side of which was an American flag, and holding a spear in his hand, while his face was made most horrible with streaks of red and white paint. From an old and most dilapidated book another man read in low tones the service of the day; and deeming this an unusually favorable opportunity to take a picture, I reached for my camera, which was hidden among the blankets in the bottom of the wagon. Seeing my object, our old scout protested vigorously, saying that if we were caught we would have war on our hands at once, and that if I persisted in the attempt he would leave the wagon. I *did* persist, and he left; but while perhaps I was guilty of an inhospitable act, the idea of going so far without a try at this picture was too much for me, and I trust my venerable friend will accept herewith my apology. Placing the camera under my arm and shielding the lens with my travelling cap, I watched for a favorable moment, and then dropping the cap for an instant, the civil engineer pressed the button, and the cap once more instantly arose to its office. The click of the spring, however, had been heard by those in the crowd nearest us, and curious glances were turned upon us that were far from assuring. Our faces, however, betrayed nothing, and a few minutes later, when the procession carrying the effigy had started, several more snaps were secured in like manner. This procession was indeed a most peculiar one. First came the cross-bearer, followed by ten little girls, representing the wise virgins, carrying all sorts and conditions of lanterns, ranging from an orthodox burglar's to a discarded and abandoned track-walker's. Next were three girls, slightly older, dressed in sombre black, typical of the three Marys; then men carrying figures of the Blessed Virgin dressed as a Mexican lady of fashion; and last of all, but preceded by the inevitable chanters, four women bearing on their shoulders a bier on which reposed the figure of Christ. This procession marched down to the town and back again, chanting all the way. The restoration of the figure of Christ to the *morada* completed the out-door service. On Good-Friday night the meetings of the Penitentes in their *moradas* are marked with the most frightful of self-inflicted punishments, but these services are of course utterly inaccessible to outsiders.

We may pity the ignorance of the Penitente, we may marvel that such things can be in this enlightened age, but we find no mention of him in any encyclopædia, nor does he seek notoriety in any way. Strange as it may seem, however, while he is most certainly sincere in his self-punishment, he does not do it with any idea of reformation. As soon as he recovers he is for sale to the highest bidder for any crime in the calendar; nor need the bid necessarily be high. In short, as the mining man from Montana expressed it, "he does penance, but he does not repent."

D. J. Flynn.

DANDELION DOWN.

The dandelion down blows far and free
  About the fields these sunny summer hours,
It seems the madcap wind is setting free
  The spirits of a host of golden flowers.

R. K. Munkittrick.

OUR NAVAL VETERANS.

The headquarters of our naval veterans in New York are unique. They are situated on the second floor of the Essex Market Building, at the corner of Grand and Ludlow streets. "Man-o'-war" style prevails here, and you run against something nautical immediately after crossing the threshold of the anteroom. Here you see a miniature fore-top-sail, with the picture of a ship under full sail, and the motto "Don't give up the ship" painted upon the canvas. A committee-room adjoins the anteroom. Here are a library, mess-locker, store-locker, and a model, six feet in length, of a full-rigged steam-frigate, armed with brass guns. Passing through the anteroom, the visitor enters the post-room, which is twenty-eight feet wide and thirty-five feet long.

The floor of the post-room is painted to represent the deck of a ship after it has been well holy-stoned. From the deck rise two stout masts. Life-rails, belaying-pins, and running-rigging add to the naturalness of the counterfeit presentment. The east end of the room, or quarter-deck, is rigged like a steamer's bridge. Here the presiding officer of the meetings takes his stand. In front of the bridge is a steering-wheel. Near that is a binnacle, on which is a mariner's compass. Cutlasses, knives, boarding-pikes, a spy-glass, speaking-trumpet, guns, pistols, and a real cannon are in evidence. The altar is a capstan. Along the starboard and port sides of the room are painted the stowed hammocks of the crew.

Occupying the entire eastern wall, and as if viewed from the stern of the supposed vessel, is a vivid scene, painted in oil, of Forts Jackson and St. Philip on the Mississippi as they appeared just before Farragut's fleet passed them on the way to the capture of New Orleans in April, 1862. The picture of this memorable occasion was made from an original sketch which was drawn on the spot from the mast-head of the gunboat *Wissahickon*.

The Rear-Admiral of the naval veterans, B. S. Osbon, made the original sketch. He was a fleet signal officer in the Gulf blockading squadron under Farragut. At the right-hand side of the picture Porter's mortar-boats are seen sending their shells into Fort Jackson, which is firing at some of Farragut's ninety-day gunboats over near the left bank of the river, while in the foreground some of the Confederate fleet stationed up the river are trying to cross-fire and cripple some of the Federal boats.

Over the port gangway to the anteroom are the words of Lincoln, "Nor must Uncle Sam's web-feet be forgotten." Over the starboard gangway, leading to the committee-room, is written Farragut's command: "Never mind the torpedoes! Go ahead!" The rooms contain also a number of portraits, pictures of naval engagements, and other objects of interest.

These headquarters are shared by the members of two local bodies of naval veterans. The use of the rooms is also enjoyed by the resident members of the National Association. As nearly all of the men belong to the three associations, the rooms are practically occupied by one body of men, who may assemble there one night as members of the Farragut Association of Naval Veterans of the Port of New York, another night as members of the Naval Post No. 516, Department of New York, G. A. R., and a third night as members of the National Association of Naval Veterans.

The Farragut Association of Naval Veterans of the Port of New York was formally organized in 1883. Their meetings were held for years at 39 Burling Slip; later, at 189 Bowery; and still later, at Pythagoras Hall, in Canal Street. In May, 1891, they moved to their present quarters, part of which were occupied by the Veterans of Naval Post No. 516. The association now numbers over 300 members. Among its associate members are Rear-Admirals Harmony, Walker, Roe; Captains Cook, Miller, Watson; Commodore Melville, U.S.N.; and Colonel Broome, United States Marine Corps. Among its honorary members are Loyall Farragut and Admiral Kaznakoff, of the Russian navy. The chaplain is Robert Edwards. The records of two of the members are of especial interest. Louis Richards was given the first medal of honor granted by Congress to a man in our navy during the war of the rebellion. In spite of Confederate threats, he hoisted the first Federal flag raised in New Orleans after its capture. William H. Nichols, a colored sailor, went down in the *Monitor*, which sank in a storm off Cape Hatteras in December, 1862. But he bobbed up again, none the worse eventually for the adventure, and is now an active member in good health and standing.

The National Association of Naval Veterans was the result of a call issued in December, 1886, by the Farragut Association of New York, to all the veterans of the United States navy who served in the late war. It is composed of about thirty associations of survivors in different parts of the country.

It is the custom of the Farragut Association to decorate the grave of Farragut in Woodlawn on the second Sunday before Memorial day.

William Wheeler.

THE SOLDIER-DEAD

ON the thirtieth day of May loving hands will decorate with flowers the graves of more than 336,000 of the hero-dead who fell in the war of thirty years ago. Decoration day has been a sacred festival for a quarter of a century. It is observed with more or less pomp in eighty-three places where the government has provided burial for the soldier-dead. There will be many personal tributes to the departed on that day. Every town in New England has in its church-yard graves that loving hands decorate with flowers and flags on the thirtieth day of May. Perhaps it is a brother, husband, or father whose body has been brought North from some Southern battle-field to rest among his kinsfolk. The great cemeteries will be thronged with people searching for well-known and well-beloved names. There will be, too, many tributes laid in memory of the conflict and its issues on the graves of the 150,000 who are reckoned with the "unknown dead."

The government of the United States preserved through the conflict of the rebellion the most perfect record of the killed that has ever been known to warfare. On the fields where the Union armies were victorious ninety per cent. of the dead were identified. The numbers of the unknown were swelled by the remains of those who died on Confederate battle-fields or in Confederate prisons. But even in the prisons of the South the system was carried out so far as it was possible. The Union prisoners buried their dead comrades and marked their graves with care, so that they might be identified when the conflict was over. The Union soldiers went farther. They marked the graves of the Confederate dead whenever it was possible; so that thousands of those left on the field of Union victories were identified afterward by their friends. Many of these now lie in the national cemeteries; for there is no sectionalism there.

The Quartermaster's Division of the Army is responsible for the establishment of the national cemeteries; and J. L. Donaldson, a graduate of West Point of the class of '36, is credited with making the suggestion for their establishment. In was in September, 1861, that the Secretary of War issued an order requiring that a record of the dead and of their places of burial be kept. The Quartermaster-General had blanks printed for these records, and they were placed in all of the army hospitals. The originals were kept on file in these hospitals, but copies were forwarded to the War Department at Washington and placed on file there. The Quartermaster-General also provided means for marking the grave of each of the dead with a simple head-board for purposes of identification. In the following year Congress authorized the President to purchase grounds for national cemeteries for the burial of the soldier-dead. In the next year national cemeteries were established at Chattanooga, Stone River, and Gettysburg. The dedication of the Gettysburg Cemetery occurred on the 19th of November, 1863. It was the occasion of that memorable speech of President Lincoln in which he said:

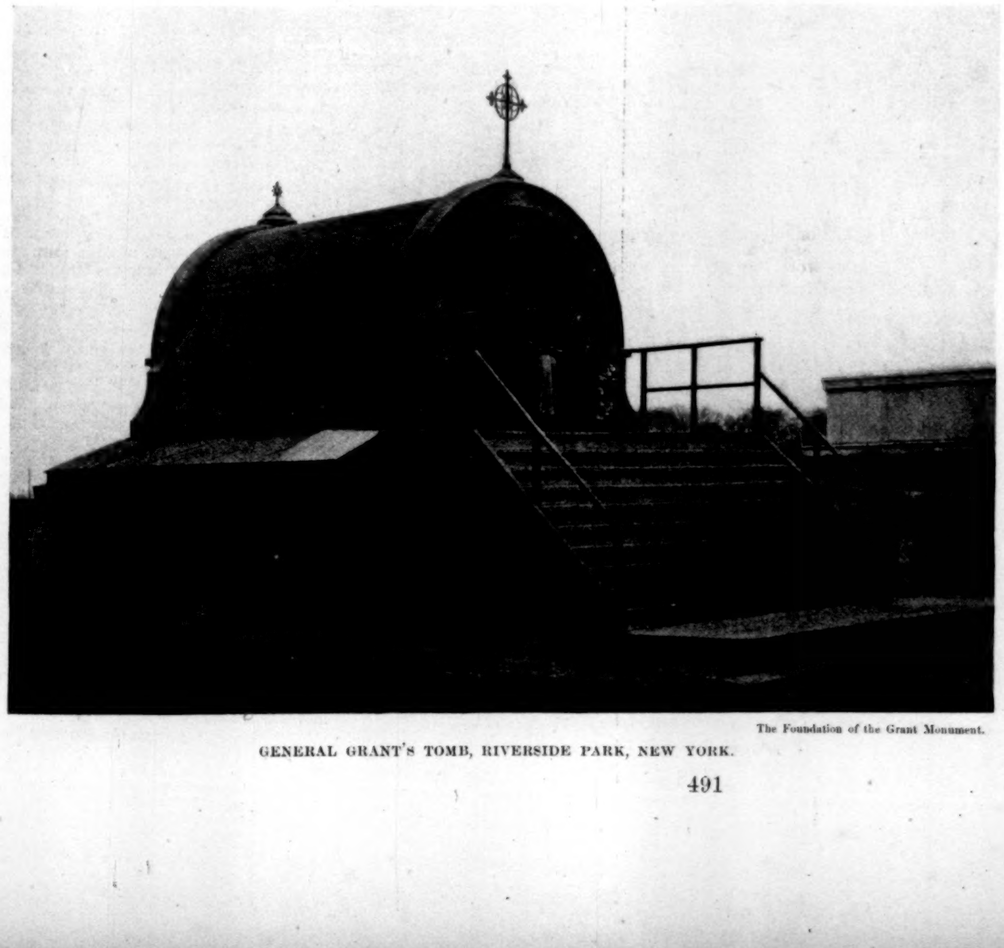
"In a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract.

"The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The National Cemetery at Arlington was established in 1865. The Arlington estate had become in name the property of the United States government in January, 1864. Before that time the soldier-dead interred at Washington lay in the cemetery attached to the Soldiers' Home grounds. Quartermaster-General Meigs was considering anxiously the question of another cemetery, for the one at Soldiers' Home would not hold many more. He was looking at Arlington with President Lincoln one evening, when the thought that it would make a desirable site for a cemetery suggested itself to him. He proposed the plan to the President, who approved it, and not long thereafter Arlington Cemetery was established. It afterward passed out of the hands of the United States by decision of the Supreme Court, but only for a brief period. The Arlington property was never really confiscated, as many people suppose. It was sold for unpaid taxes in 1864. The Lee family, which had inherited it from the Custis family, offered to pay the taxes through an agent; but the tax commissioners had made a rule that the owner of land must pay in person; so, as the Lees were virtually outlaws from the neighborhood of Arlington, the beautiful estate was put up for sale, and was bought by the government for $26,000. But this sale was not allowed to stand. George Washington Custis Lee inherited the property in 1873, and he began proceedings to recover it. The Supreme Court gave a verdict in his favor; but he compromised with the government for $156,000 rather than carry on what promised to be a long and expensive litigation. It was a beggarly price to pay for the property.

The national cemetery at Antietam was established in 1865. In the latter part of that year the Quartermaster-General set about finding the location of the burial-places of the soldier dead. At many of them national cemeteries were established. At others the government had a lot laid aside. Each of the larger cemeteries, with few exceptions, marked some dreadful conflict of the war. The burial-places necessarily lie thickest where the most battles were fought. In Virginia there are seventeen national cemeteries; in Tennessee there are seven; in Kentucky, six; in South Carolina, two; in Missouri, three; in Georgia, two. There

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.



The Foundation of the Grant Monument.

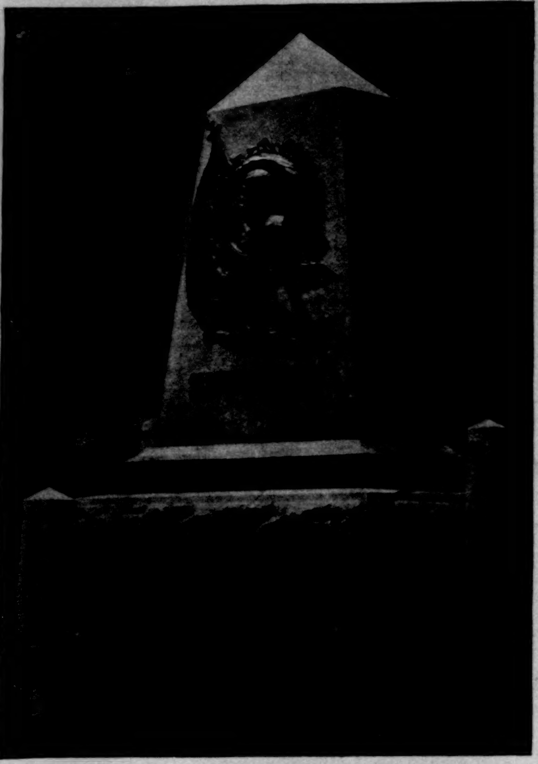
GENERAL GRANT'S TOMB, RIVERSIDE PARK, NEW YORK.

are four cemeteries in Louisiana; four in North Carolina; three in Maryland; three in Mississippi; two each in the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Indiana; one in Iowa.

In 1868 there were seventy-two national cemeteries. In addition to these there were government lots in 320 local cemeteries. The number of graves under government control at this time was 316,233. Of these, 175,764 were graves of the known dead; the remainder held the bodies of those who had not been identified. In the Arlington Cemetery, under one stone, lie the remains of 2111 of the unknown dead. An inscription on the stone tells what is beneath. It is one of the objects of greatest interest to all visitors to Arlington. On Decoration day it is always covered thickly with the tributes of affection of those whose dear ones lie in unnamed graves.

Since 1868 the number of national cemeteries has been increased to eighty-three. The last cemetery added to the list was the military cemetery at Santa Fe, New Mexico, embracing the site of the post cemetery at Fort Marcy. This was declared a national cemetery September 10, 1892.

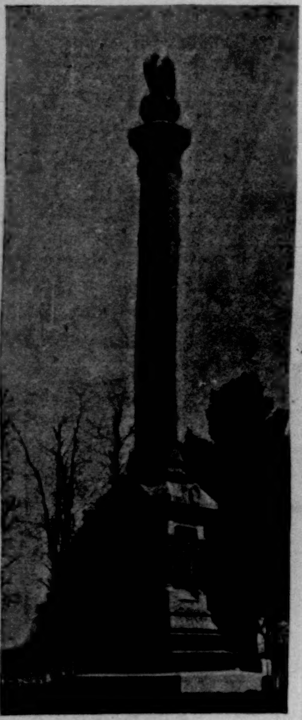
The number of interments in the national cemeteries at the time of the last report of the Quartermaster-General was 331,755. Of these, 181,842 were the known and 149,913 the unknown dead. The greatest number was in the cemetery at Arlington, where 16,696 soldiers are buried, of whom 4349 are unknown. There are 16,638 buried at Vicksburg, of whom 12,721 are unknown. Very little effort was made by the Southern armies to identify the unknown dead. At Salisbury, North Carolina, there are 12,137 soldiers buried, of whom 12,035 are unknown. At Fredericksburg, Virginia, are



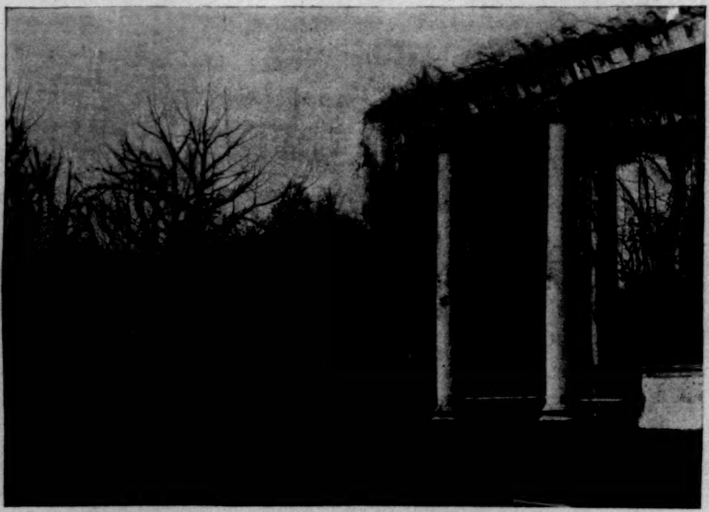
GENERAL SHERIDAN'S GRAVE, ARLINGTON CEMETERY.
Photographed by Bell.

1100 acres, with a frontage of about one mile on the Potomac. The title to the tract passed from Charles II., King of England, who claimed it by "grace of God and the discovery of John Cabot," through William Berkeley, Governor of Virginia, to Robert Hawsen, October 21, 1669. John and Gerard Alexander became the owners under this title, and Gerard Alexander by his will, dated August 9, 1760, gave the property to his son Gerard, by whom it was conveyed, December 25, 1778, to John Parke Custis. John Parke Custis died November 5, 1781, and George Washington adopted two of his children, George Washington Parke Custis and Eleanor Parke Custis. George Washington Parke Custis inherited the Arlington estate, and in 1802 he built on it what was afterward known as the Lee mansion, now the office of the National Cemetery at Arlington. The monuments over the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Custis are still standing in Arlington. The most striking monument in Arlington Cemetery is that of General Sheridan. It is always the centre of attraction on Decoration day. There are many very beautiful monuments erected by the friends of officers who are buried there. Those who know the "Boss" of Long Island City, Pat Gleason, will recognize as characteristic the inscription on a stone above the grave of his brother, which is one of the handsomest in the cemetery. The first announcement that catches the eye is that the memorial was "Erected by PATRICK J. GLEASON," and the further statement that it is in memory of Mr. Gleason's brother, Captain Gleason, is much more modest.

But what is impressive about the cemetery, as about all of the national cemeteries, is the broad field of green dotted with the modest head-stones of white marble, set in ranks, as



GENERAL McCLELLAN'S GRAVE,
River View Cemetery, Trenton, New Jersey.



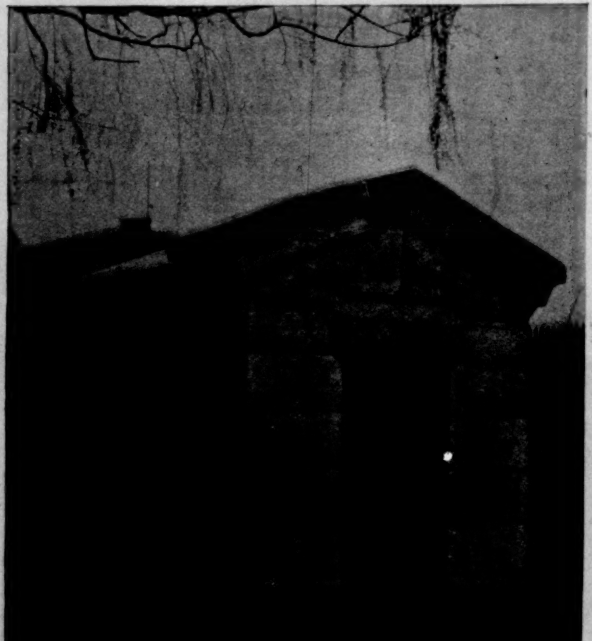
AMPHITHEATRE, ARLINGTON,
From which Addresses are delivered on Decoration Days.—Photographed by Bell.

GENERAL McPHERSON'S GRAVE,
Clyde, Ohio.—Photographed by L. A. Elliott.

15,280, of whom 12,791 are unknown. There is a beautiful monument at Salisbury in memory of the unknown dead.

Wherever it is practicable the government has placed simple head-stones on the graves of the known dead, and they are being put in place at the rate of 10,000 a year. Each has its number, and is registered. It costs the government about $2500 a year for flag-staffs and monuments in the national cemeteries. This is but a small part of the expense of maintaining these cemeteries. The greatest item in the list of expenses is salaries. These salaries aggregate $40,000. The total cost of maintaining the national cemeteries is $100,000 a year. That is the amount appropriated by Congress, and whatever share of it is left after paying the running expenses of the cemeteries is put into improvements. By far the largest share of this is spent on Arlington; for though Arlington was not the most populous of these cemeteries until about a year ago, it is the resting-place of the most distinguished of the soldier dead.

It is said that the first body interred at Arlington was that of a Confederate soldier. There are in all 9300 Confederates buried in national cemeteries, chiefly at Camp Butler, Cypress Hills, Finn's Point, Fort Smith, Hampton, Jefferson Barracks, and Woodlawn. The number buried at Arlington is small. The number of Federal dead buried at Arlington is increasing every year, and will continue to increase until the army roll of thirty years ago is merged in the cemetery roll. There will be no crowding, for the cemetery occupies only one-fifth of the entire enclosure. The old Lee estate contains



TOMB OF GENERAL HANCOCK, NORRISTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.
Photographed by S. R. Fisher.

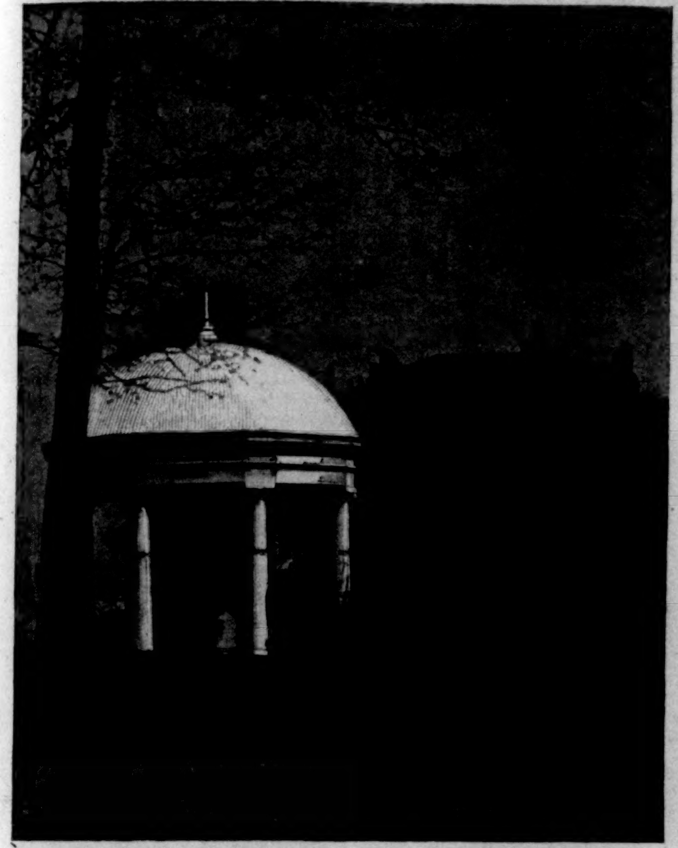
though they had "fallen in" for muster. Winding drives divide this field, and fine old trees shade it from the sun. The monument to the unknown dead is near the old Lee mansion, which stands on the brow of a steep hill overlooking the broad Potomac. The Sheridan monument is directly in front of the mansion.

In his last report to the Secretary of War the Quartermaster-General strongly urged the necessity of opening more direct communication between the city of Washington and Arlington. There is no danger that by giving greater accessibility to the Arlington estate it would be in any danger of desecration by picnic parties or merrymakers. The rules which govern it are too strict. But the construction of a bridge at the foot of New York Avenue, for which plans have already been drawn, would bring this Mecca of the tourist within easier reach. It has a historic interest, dating far beyond the period of the war of the rebellion.

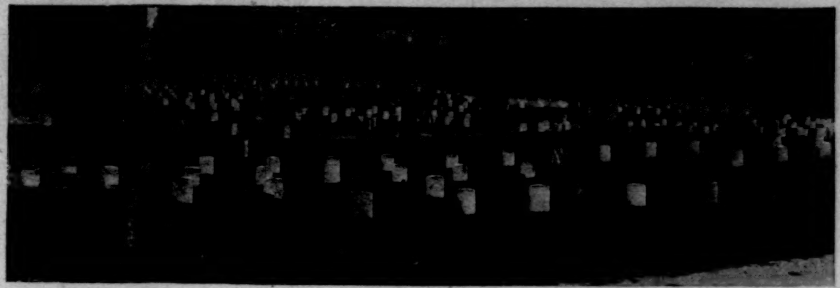
Not all of the national cemeteries belong to the war period. One in particular is a relic of the conflict between the white man and the red man. In the Custer Battle-field Cemetery in Montana lie the bodies of 924 soldiers massacred by Red Cloud and the Sioux. Of these, 173 are classed among the unknown dead. Three others of the national cemeteries are attached to frontier posts.

The law now permits the interment of any honorably discharged Union soldier in a national cemetery. These interments are very few, and the cemeteries draw their chief influx of population from the veterans of the late war, now fast disappearing.

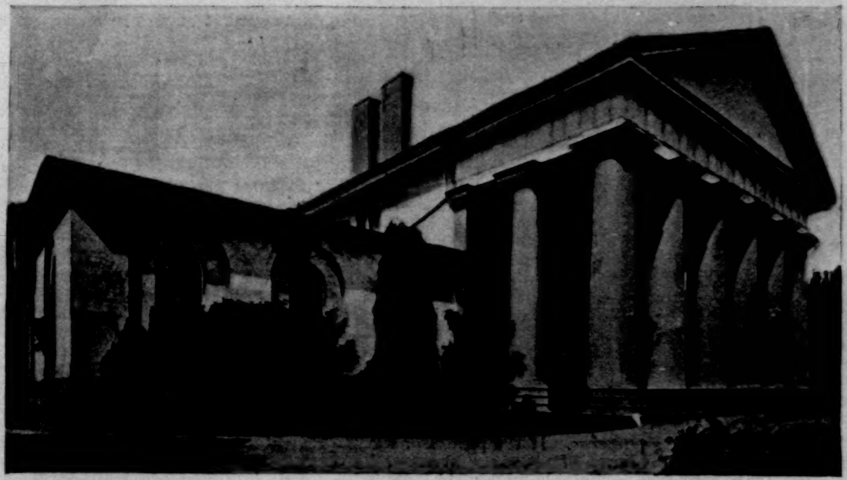
George Grantham Bain.



TOMB OF 2111 UNKNOWN SOLDIERS, ARLINGTON CEMETERY.
Photographed by Bell.



UNDER THE TREES IN THE FEDERAL CEMETERY,
Chattanooga, Tennessee.



THE OLD LEE MANSION IN THE ARLINGTON CEMETERY, VIRGINIA.
Photographed by Bell.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S GRAVE,
Woodlawn Cemetery, New York.

ADMIRAL PORTER'S GRAVE,
Arlington Cemetery.—Photographed by Bell.

GRAVE OF MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS,
Oakwood Cemetery, Troy, New York.—Photographed by Irving.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S GRAVE,
Calvary Cemetery, St. Louis, Missouri.

JARLEY'S EXPERIMENT.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

JARLEY was an inventive genius. He invented things for the pleasure of it rather than with any idea of ultimately profiting from the results of his ingenuity, which may explain why it was that his friends deemed many of his contrivances a sheer waste of time. Among other things that Jarley invented was a tennis-racket which could be folded up and packed away in a trunk. The fact that any ordinary tennis-racket could be packed away in any ordinary trunk without being folded up was to Jarley no good reason why he should not devote his energies to the production of the compact weapon of sport which he called the Jarley Racket. He was after novelty, and utility was always a secondary consideration with him. Others of his inventions were somewhat more startling. "The Jarley Ready Writing-Desk for Night Use," for instance, was a really remarkable conception. Its chief value lay in the saving of gas and midnight oil to impecunious writers which its use was said to bring about, and when fully equipped consisted simply of a writing-table with all the appliances and conveniences thereof treated with phosphorus in such a manner that in the blackest of darkness they could all be seen readily. The ink even was phosphorescent. The paper was luminous in the dark. The penholders, pens, penwipers, mucilage-bottle, everything, in fact, that an author really needs for the production of literature, save ideas, were so prepared that they could not fail to be visible to the weakest eye in the darkest night without the aid of other illumination. The chief trouble with the invention was that in the long-run it was more expensive than gas or oil could possibly be in the most extravagant household; but that bothered Jarley not a jot. Nor was he at all upset when his ingenious Library Folding-Bed, comprising a real bookcase and sofa-couch, failed to suit his practical-minded friends because, when turned down for use as a couch, all the books in the bookcase side of it fell out upon the floor. His arrangement was better than the ordinary folding-bed, he said, because the bookcase side of it was not a sham, but the real thing, while that of the folding-bed of commerce was a delusion and a snare. As a hater of shams he justified his invention, though of course it couldn't be put to much practical use unless the purchaser was willing to take his books out of the shelves when he intended using the piece of furniture for sleeping purposes. If the purchaser was too lazy to do this it was not Jarley's fault, so the inventor reasoned, nor did he intend improving his machine in order to accommodate the lazy man in his pursuit of a life of indolence.

When Jarley married he turned his attention to the devising of apparatus to make domestic life less trying to Mrs. Jarley. As a bachelor he had contrived quite a number of mechanical effects which made his lonely life easier. He had fitted up his rooms with devices by means of which, while lying in bed on cold mornings, he could light his gas stove without getting up; and his cigars, the ends of which he had dipped in sulphur, so that they could be lit by scratching them on the under side of the mantel-piece, just as matches are ignited, were the delight of his life. Now, however, he turned his mind toward helping little Mrs. Jarley on in the domestic world. He prepared a chart by means of which the monotony of marketing was done away with entirely. He also arranged for her a charming little automatic curl-paper box, and drew up a plan for a patent pair of curling-tongs, which could be fastened to the gas-fixture and kept heated to the degree required, so that it might be used at a moment's notice. This was provided with a number of movable ends, all different, in order that Mrs. Jarley could, if she chose, vary the appearance of her curls according to her taste; and although the little lady never approved of it sufficiently to have it made, it was undoubtedly a valuable contrivance.

Then when Jarley junior came along to delight the parent soul, self-rocking cradles and perpetual reservoirs for food were devised, and some of them put into actual use, though, as a rule, Mrs. Jarley preferred the old-fashioned methods to which she was by her home training more accustomed.

The great invention of Jarley, however, was the result of his study of Jarley junior as that very charming and exceedingly agile child developed from infancy into boyhood. The idea came to him one Sunday afternoon while Mrs. Jarley was at church. It was the nurse-maid's afternoon out, and Jarley had undertaken to care for Master Jarley in the absence of his true guardians.

"Well, Jack," he said to his son, when they had been left in sole possession of the Jarley mansion, "you and I must entertain each other this afternoon. What shall we do?"

"I'd like to play choo-choo car with you," said Jack. "I'll be the engine and you be the train."

"Very well," said Jarley. "Have you got your steam up?"

"Yeth," lisped Jack. "All aboard!"

Jarley hitched himself on to the engine as best he could by grabbing hold of Jack's little coat tail, and the train started. It was the most tedious journey Jarley ever undertook. The train went up and down stairs, out upon the piazza, and finally landed in the kitchen, where the engine fired up on such fuel as gingerbread and cookies. Incidentally the train, as represented by Jarley, took on a load of freight, consisting of the same fuel, and off they started again. At the end of a half-hour's run Jarley was worn out, but the engine seemed to gather strength and speed the further it travelled; and as it let out a fearful shriek—possibly a whistle—every time the rear end of the train suggested side-tracking and a cessation of traffic for a month or two, Jarley in his indulgence invariably withdrew the proposition. The consequence was that when Mrs. Jarley returned from church Jarley was a wreck, and as he handed the engine over to the maternal care he observed with some testiness that in a well-kept household it seemed to him matters should be so arranged that a busy man should not be compelled to turn himself into a child's nurse, especially on the one day of the week which he could devote to rest and relaxation. "If I had that boy's energy," he said to himself as he fled to his library, "what wonders I would accomplish! What a shame it is, too, that the wasted energy of youth cannot be stored up in some way, so that when there comes the real need for it, it can be made available!"

This thought was the germ of his invention. As he lay there in the library he thought over the possibilities of life if the nervous force of childhood, the misdirected strength of play-time, could only be put by and drawn upon later just as man puts by the money he does not need in the present for use in case of future rainy days. Then, as the sun sank below the hills and the twilight hours with their inspiring softness came on, Jarley resolved that he was the man to whom had come the mission which should make of this ideal a reality. Probably in the full glare of day he would not have undertaken it; but Jarley, in common with most men of dreamy nature, felt in the quiet dusk the power to do all things. He had the poetic quality which leads on to great things, and the man of poetic quality who does not feel himself capable, at that hour of the day of rest, of battering down Gibraltar or of upbuilding the whole human race, must account himself a failure.

"I'll do it," he murmured, drowsily, to himself, and he did. How he did it was Jarley's own secret, and while he confides many things to me, this secret he kept, and still keeps. All I know is that he fitted up a play-room for Jack on the attic floor, and by means of the apparatus, the peculiarities of whose construction he alone knows, he managed after a while to store up the superfluous energy which Jack expended upon everything that he did. Every time Jack turned a somersault he contributed, unknown to himself, something to the growing bulk of hoarded force in the reservoir provided for its reception. All the strength necessary for the somersault was devoted to that operation. The superfluity went to the reservoir. So, also, when in his play at scaling imaginary rocks after fictitious wild beasts he endeavored futilely to walk up the play-room wall, the unavailing energy went to augment the stores from which Jarley hoped to extract so much that would prove of value to the world.

When the reservoir was full the question that confronted Jarley was as to the value of its contents, and to ascertain this he resolved upon an experiment upon himself. No one else, he believed, would be willing to subject himself to the experiment, nor did he wish at that time to let others into his secret. Even Mrs. Jarley was not aware of his efforts, and so he made the experiment. He liquefied the energy Jack had wasted, and upon retiring one night took what he considered to be the proper dose for the test. The effect was remarkable.

When he rose up the next morning he experienced a consciousness of power that reminded him of Samson. But there was one drawback. He did not seem quite able to control himself. For instance, instead of dressing in the usual dignified and quiet way, he found himself prancing about his room like a young colt, and while he was taking his bath he had a yearning for objects of juvenile *virtu* which had for many years been strangers to his tub. He was not at all satisfied with his dip plain and unadorned, and he had developed an unconquerable aversion for soap. It was all he could do to restrain his inclination to call vociferously for a number of small tin boats and birch-bark canoes, without which Jack never bathed. He did conquer it, however, and at the end of a half-hour managed to reach the end of his bath, though as a rule he had hitherto rarely expended more than ten minutes in his morning ablutions. Then came another difficulty. He found himself utterly unable to stand still while he was putting on his clothes, and finally Mrs. Jarley had to be called in to comb his hair for him. Jarley himself could no more have taken the time to part it satisfactorily than he could have flown.

"What *is* the matter with you?" said Mrs. Jarley, as she made several ineffectual attempts to get his truant locks into shape. "Have you caught St. Vitus's dance?"

"Nothing's the matter with me," returned Jarley, standing on one foot and hopping up and down thereon. "I feel well, that's all."

And then he tore out of the room, mounted the banisters, and slid down stairs in an utterly unbecoming fashion, considering that he was a man of thirty-five and the head of the house. He felt a little ashamed of himself in the midst of this operation, particularly when he observed that the waitress was standing in the hall belowstairs, looking at him with eyes that betokened an astonishment as creditable to her as it was disgraceful to him. He tried vainly to stop his wild descent when he noted her presence. He clutched madly at the banisters, turning his hands and knees into brakes in his effort to save his dignity; but once started he could not stop, and as a consequence he went down like a flash, slid precipitately over the newel-post, and landed with a cry of mortification on the hall floor. He was not hurt, save in his self-esteem, and gathering himself together, he endeavored to walk with dignity into the dining-room; but he had hardly reached the door, when he was overcome with a mad desire to whoop—and whoop he did. As a consequence of the whoop Jack was scolded when Mrs. Jarley came down. She had no idea that Jarley himself could be so blind to propriety as to yell in so indecorous a fashion; and when poor little Jack was upbraided, Jarley, despite his good intention to confess himself the guilty party, discovered that the only act he was capable of was giggling. Jack of course wept, and the more he wept the more Jarley giggled, and was taken to task for encouraging the boy in his misbehavior.

During breakfast he was unusually demonstrative. He could not bring himself to await his turn when the potatoes were passed, and in his eagerness to get at them he overturned his coffee, which served to turn the tables a little, for Jack giggled at the mishap, while Jarley became the centre of Mrs. Jarley's displeasure. What was worse, Jarley, try as he might, could not resist the temptation to kick the legs of the table, and it was not until Mrs. Jarley had threatened to dismiss Jack from her presence, supposing that he must, of course, be the offender, that Jarley assumed the burden of his misbehavior.

It was not until Jarley set out to his office, however, that he realized the real horror of his condition. Instead of riding down on one horse-car, as was his wont, he found himself trying, boy like, to steal a ride by jumping on a car platform and standing there until the conductor came along, when he would hop off, ride a block or two on the end of a truck, and then try a new car, so beating his way down town. Then he arrived at his office. I have neglected to state that while invention was Jarley's avocation, he was by profession a lawyer, being the junior member of a highly successful firm, at the head of which was no less a person than the eminent William J. Baker, whose record at the bar is too well known to require any further words of mine to recall him to the minds of my readers. Jarley had not been in the office more than ten minutes before he realized that he might better have remained at home while the influence of Jack's wasted energy was within him. He was in a state of irrepressibility. No matter how strongly he endeavored to hold himself in check he could not do so, and his day downtown was like the days of most boys who are permitted to spend a morning and an afternoon with their parent in the workshop. The first thing he did on reaching his desk was to roll back its folding top. This pleased him unaccountably. He had never before imagined that so much fun could be got out of the rolling top of a desk, and for a full quarter of an hour he pulled it backward and forward, and so noisily withal that Mr. Baker sent one of the clerks in to see if the office-boy had not become suddenly insane.

Recalled to his true self for the moment, Jarley endeavored to get down to work, but as he made the endeavor he became conscious that a revolving chair has very pleasing qualities to one who is fond of twirling. Round and round he twirled, and as he twirled he grabbed up his cane, and in a moment realized that he was playing that he was on a merry-go-round, and trying to secure a renewal of his right to ride by catching imaginary rings on the end of his stick. This operation consumed quite five minutes more of his time, and was accompanied by such a vast number of "Hoop-las" that Mr. Baker came himself to see what was the cause of the unseemly racket. Fortunately for Jarley, just as his partner reached the doorway, the chair had reached the limit of its twirling capacity, and having been unscrewed as far as it could be, toppled over on to the floor, with Jarley underneath.

"What in the world does this mean, Jarley?" said Mr. Baker, severely, as he assisted his fallen partner to rise.

"My chair has come apart," laughed Jarley, getting red in the face.

"That's the great trouble with that kind of chair," said Mr. Baker. "You don't seem to mind the mishap very much."

"Oh no," said Jarley, gritting his teeth in his determination not to follow his mad impulse to jump on Mr. Baker's shoulders and clamor for a picky-back ride. "No; I don't mind little things like that much."

Here he stood on his right leg, as he had done before breakfast, and began to hop.

"Hurt your foot?" queried Mr. Baker.

Jarley seized at the suggestion with all the despairing vigor of a drowning man clutching at a rope.

"Yes; a little, but not enough to mention," he said; whereupon, much to his relief, Mr. Baker turned away and went back to his own room.

"This will never do," Jarley moaned to himself when his partner had gone. "If one of my clients should come in—"

Then he stopped and grinned like a mischievous lad. He had caught sight of an old water-meter that had been used as an exhibit in a case he had once tried against the city in behalf of an inventor, who had been led to believe that the water board would adopt his patent and compel every householder to buy one for the registration of water consumed. What fun it would be to take that apart, he thought, and thinking thus was enough to set him about the task. He locked his door, moved the strange-looking contrivance out into the middle of the room, and tried to unscrew the top of it with his eraser. The delicate blade of this improvised screw-driver snapped off in an instant, whereupon Jarley tried the scissors, with similar results. After a half-hour of this he gave up the idea of taking the meter apart, but his soul immediately became possessed of another idea, which was to see if it worked. The pursuit of this brought him the most deliriously joyful sensations, and for an hour he devoted himself to filling the machine up with water drawn from a faucet at one side of his room, and poured into the meter from a drinking-glass. It was not until the hour was up that he observed that the water after passing through the meter came out upon the carpet, and it is probable that even then he would not have noticed it had not the tenants below sent up to inquire if there was not something wrong with the water-pipes overhead.

When Jarley realized what had happened he wisely determined to give up business for the day. While the spirit of Jack was within him, the business he might transact was not likely to prove of value to himself or to any one else. So he put on his hat and coat, called a cab, and started for home. His experiences in the cab were quite of a kind with the experiences of the morning, and attended with no little personal danger. He would lean against the cab door and put his arm out and try to touch horse-cars as they passed. Once or twice he nearly had his head knocked off by sticking it out of the windows; but by some happy chance he got interested in the cab curtains and the inviting little strings, which, when pulled, made them fly up with a snap. Absorbed in this occupation, he drove on, and gave up all such dangerous experiments as playing tag with horse-cars and trucks, and arrived at home in time for luncheon unhurt.

Mrs. Jarley was somewhat alarmed at the unexpected return of Mr. Jarley, but was content with his explanation that while he never felt better in his life, he deemed it best to return and attend to his work in the privacy of his own home. For the proper accomplishment of this work he said that he thought he would use Jack's nursery on the attic floor, where he could be quiet, and he asked as an especial favor that he might be left alone with Jack for the balance of the day.

He had made up his mind that his experiments, while a success in one way, were not what he expected in another way. He had found Jack's energy very energetic indeed, but not suited for adult use, and he even found himself wondering why he had not thought of that before. However, the thing to do now was to get rid of that spirit as speedily as possible. If it had become permanently a part of him, he had reached his second childhood, which for a man of thirty-five is a disturbing thought. So disturbing was it that Jarley resolved upon a heroic measure to cure himself. *Similia similibus* struck him as being the only possible cure, and so, regardless of the possible consequences to his physical being, he "permitted" Jack to be with him upstairs "while he worked," as he put it to Mrs. Jarley, though all others were forbidden to approach.

The result was as he had foreseen. Jack's energy in Jack, pure and unadulterated, had very little trouble in wearing out the diluted energy which his father had acquired from his superfluous stores, and night coming on found Jarley, after a three hours' steady circus with his son, in his normal condition mentally. But physically! What a poor wreck of a human system was his when the last bit of the boyish spirit was consumed! Had he worked at brick-laying for a week without rest Jarley could not have been more prostrated physically. But he was happy. His tests had proved that he could do certain things, but the results he had expected as to the value of those things were not what he had hoped for. At any rate, his experiment gave him greater sympathy with his boy than he had ever had before, and they have become great chums. The greatest disappointment of the whole affair is Jack's, who wonders why it is that he and his father have no more afternoon acrobatics such as they had in the play-room that day, but until he is a good many years older his father cannot tell him, for the boy could not in the present stage of his intellectual development understand him if he tried.

As for Mr. Baker and the people at the office, they were not at all astonished to hear the next day that Jarley was laid up, and would probably not turn up again for a week, although they were a little surprised when they learned that his trouble was rheumatism, and not softening of the brain.

THE ELMIRA REFORMATORY.

THE Elmira Reformatory is the model prison of this State, if it is proper to compare it with penal institutions that disgrace modern civilization. It is the only prison in the State where any attempt is made to reform criminals, and in its buildings alone has the State considered the physical and mental health of the unfortunates whose acts bring them within the jurisdiction of the criminal laws. The act leading to the establishment of the reformatory was passed in 1867, and resulted from a careful investigation of the penal institutions of the State. One of the results of that investigation was a realizing sense, borne home to the minds of those who conducted it, that the State prisons were schools and universities of vice, and that New York made no provision for reforming a criminal and for taking him out of the number of its social enemies.

Other countries had recognized and demonstrated the possibility of reforming criminals. Penal systems had been established with this object in view. Their code of discipline and punishment had been arranged on philosophical theories which in time had come to be established principles. At the base of every rational modern system was the rule that first offenders should never be confined with hardened criminals. It was the purpose of imprisonment to reform the criminal, to send him back into society a harmless, even if not a very useful, individual, although in many cases, especially in Great Britain, ex-convicts have attained to very respectable positions in the community. The theory that governs in modern pœnology is based on well-known attributes of the human mind. There is no false sentimentality in modern pœnology. The men who administer its prisons do not undertake to improve those who are under their care by giving them a "home life" in their jails, by decorating their cells with flowers, or by lightening the weary hours of their confinement by the visits of sympathetic women. They insist that the consequences of crime shall be hard and forbidding, and that when a convict passes under the shadows of the prison gate he enters into a place of punishment, of discipline, of toil and hardship. His first months in prison are so severe that they make a permanent impression upon his mind. It is not to be wondered at that men who have served a term of imprisonment at Elmira beg not to be sentenced to that place again. The second or third offender, or the incorrigible, naturally prefers the crowded, noisome, unwholesome cells of Sing Sing, that would disgrace a last-century prison, to the well-ventilated quarters at Elmira; for at the State prison he may loaf away his term of captivity, and he may be rebellious without fear of adequate punishment, but at Elmira he knows that he will be treated as an enemy of society—which is precisely what he is—and that what amelioration of his condition is obtained by him will have to be earned. The one thing that the criminal does not like is to earn anything; it is because he prefers stealing to earning that the thief is in jail. The general condition of a criminal's mind is its lack of discipline, its rebellion against restraint, its hatred of obedience; and the first thing to accomplish in the task of reforming him is to compel him to submit to discipline, and then to teach him the value to himself, the pleasure, satisfaction, and contentment that he will enjoy by a self-discipline which leads him to obedience to law and to earning whatever he needs or wishes. In order to carry out such a theory there must be a good deal of harshness in the discipline of a prison, and promotion from the lowest to the highest grades must proceed slowly. Improvement in the condition of a prisoner must be earned with difficulty, but when it is earned the reward must be certain.

The theory on which Elmira was established has developed into the system on which Superintendent Brockway now conducts it. The law of 1867 has been supplanted by the law of 1887, and the statutes under which the institution has been governed have been wisely so general—leaving details of government to the Board of Managers, who appoint and direct the superintendent, and who alone are responsible to the State—that Elmira has had the benefit of the progress made in the art of punishing criminals with a view to their reformation, and the consequent decrease in the number of the criminal classes.

Primarily Elmira is a reformatory for first offenders, but its method is that of the state prisons in some other countries, and the theories of punishment by which prison is made terrible and yet educational that are applied in England to all convicts are applied here, perhaps bettered, to first offenders. The effect of the adoption of the system now prevailing in Great Britain has been to actually reduce the number of criminals in the United Kingdom. The reform was begun tentatively in 1844, and was incorporated in the prison act of 1877. During three years, and down to 1880, the convictions decreased. Within the last few months it has been asserted that the number of criminals in England was increasing. Whether this is so, or, if so, what may be the cause of the increase, there is no means at hand of ascertaining. It is sufficient for our present purposes that many hundreds of criminals have been reformed in Great Britain under the system, the establishment of which is mainly due to the efforts of Sir Walter Crofton. In view of recent criticisms of the present general superintendent of Elmira, it is well to say that two facts having an important bearing upon the existing situation have been established by the experience of British prison officials, who are mainly retired officers of the army and navy. One fact is that reform cannot be accomplished during a short sentence, and that some forms of corporal punishment are absolutely essential to the proper discipline of criminals. A five years' term is the shortest for which a convict is sent to what is known as a convict prison. He may lessen this by one-fourth by good conduct, but he may also lose part of his earned time by bad conduct.

The sentence to Elmira is said to be indeterminate. The term during which the offender may be confined is not indefinite, for it cannot exceed the maximum term provided by statute for the offence of which he has been convicted. But whatever mitigation the prisoner obtains from the maximum sentence depends upon his own conduct, which is judged by the managers. The prisoner may remain in the penitentiary for the maximum sentence that may be inflicted for the offence of which he has been guilty, or he may be absolutely released, or released on parole, within a comparatively short time. The indeterminate sentence is an important feature of the reformatory work. It enables the Board of Managers to keep a prisoner who is corrigible until the influences of the discipline of the place have wrought a change in him, and it permits the discharge or parole of a convict the moment it is thought that he can be returned to society without injury to it. The courts sometimes pronounce definite sentences, and this is especially true of the United States courts, but from July, 1876, when the institution was opened, until September, 1892, 5511 sentences had been indefinite and only 388 definite. Of the 4193 discharged only 14 were discharged absolutely by the Board of Managers, and 3289 were paroled. Of the paroled, 111 were paroled twice, and 11 three times. The power to parole prisoners is one of the essential principles of reformatory discipline, and it is worthy of especial mention here because the exercise of its correlative power, that of return, is sometimes made the subject of ignorant and excited criticism.

There are three grades of prisoners at Elmira. When a convict, who, under the law, must be between sixteen and thirty years old, reaches the prison, he enters the lower first or neutral grade. This is the largest grade in the institution. From it a prisoner may be promoted to the upper first or probationary grade, or degraded to the second or convict grade. The convict begins his reformatory life under conditions from which he may escape in either direction. Everything depends upon himself. Nothing is done to make prison life agreeable or pleasant to him. Existence is hard and exacting, such as he has earned by reason of the warfare he has begun upon society. He goes through his daily round of duties without speaking to his fellow-prisoners. His bed is hard. He eats his meals, nutritious but coarse and unappetizing, in his solitary cell. He wears a distinctive uniform of black coat and gray trousers. He is carefully watched. He is marked for every violation of rules. He may not rise above the grade of second sergeant in the military company, which is one of the principal features of life at the reformatory. He eats of the bitter fruit of sin. If his conduct is bad, he is reduced to the second grade. There his lot is harder than it was in the neutral grade. He wears a scarlet uniform and the coarsest kind of underwear. He is deprived of tea and coffee, the simple luxuries of the grade from which he has descended. He is marked for extra watchfulness. He may earn his way back, but if after a reasonable time he remains bad, he is deemed an "incorrigible." When the reformatory becomes overcrowded he may be transferred to a State prison; and if he is very bad he may be "spanked," the spanking being administered by the General Superintendent himself. By six perfect months the prisoner in the neutral grade may earn promotion to the upper first or probationary grade. This system of promotions for good conduct, for skill in the mechanic arts, for industry in the school and consequent intellectual improvement, lies at the basis of modern penal reform. The convict learns the rewards of honest industry by actual experience, and whether he prefers them or not is a question of his own character. Experience here and abroad demonstrates that the majority of convicts come to prefer honest toil to thievery. Before their first conviction most of them, by reason of their social surroundings, or their parentage and bringing up, or weak and defective physical or mental conditions, have not had an opportunity to earn the gratifications of their needs and desires, and they have come within the power of the criminal law by endeavoring to obtain what they wished by illegitimate methods. The reformatory system endeavors to improve their minds and strengthen their bodies, and then to teach them how to earn their living. When the convict goes from the neutral to the probationary grade the rewards for his good conduct are substantial. His life becomes pleasanter. He is distinguished by a light blue uniform. He may become a commissioned officer in the regiment. He eats his better meals in the dining-room instead of in his cell, and in the society of the prisoners of his own rank, with whom he is permitted to converse. He is not confined in a solitary cell, but in a larger cell with one or two mates, and he sleeps on a better bed. He has earned cheerfulness, companionship, some of the joys and luxuries of life. He experiences in this way the natural results of good conduct in the world on which he had begun to prey, and from which he is now excluded on account of his violation of the laws. By good conduct in this grade he may earn a parole, or even an absolute discharge.

His parole is earned just as his promotion to the upper first was attained—by six months of perfect conduct. At the end of four such months a parole may be authorized by the managers, and after two more perfect months it may be granted. But before it is granted employment must be awaiting the prisoner. This is obtained either by his friends or by the management of the institution. All the conditions of this probationary release being complied with, the prisoner goes out into the world, but he remains under the watchful eye of the institution. The Board of Managers appoint guardians, to whom the paroled prisoners must report every month for six months. If their conduct remains what it was when they earned their parole they will further earn an absolute discharge; but if there is retrogression, if the reports of the guardians and local authorities are not reassuring, the managers may issue a warrant for the return of the paroled prisoners to the reformatory, where they once more enter the neutral grade, and again undergo that discipline which enables them to work their way up to liberty or down to the ranks of the "incorrigibles." It is the occasional rearrest of a paroled convict of the reformatory that has excited the unreasonable and untutored protests of sentimentalists, who do so much to promote criminality by undertaking to reform criminals, not by improving their mental and physical conditions, but by embracing them in the arms of what they falsely call Christian charity. It may be taken for granted that when a paroled convict is arrested on the warrant of the managers and returned to Elmira, it is not because his comradeship is desired by the officers of the institution, or because they want one more "incorrigible" to punish, but primarily for the protection of society, which he is again threatening, and secondarily for his own good. Criminals are reformed by discipline, and not by maudlin sentimentality. The law ought to keep in confinement one who shows a disposition to prey upon society until there are signs of a change of disposition, and if he is incorrigible it ought to remove him permanently from his criminal opportunities. This power of rearrest is not unduly resorted to. The number of paroled who are returned by arrest is comparatively small. Of the 3289 paroled, already spoken of, 224 were returned by arrest, while 20 returned voluntarily. Of the 111 paroled the second time 21 were returned by arrest, and of the 11 paroled the third time 3 were rearrested. When it is considered that convicts thrice paroled and twice rearrested must have presented great difficulties to any reformatory system, the percentage of returns is very small.

It is not necessary to describe the methods adopted in the reformatory except in the most general way. When it is understood that most of the recruits to the criminal classes are defective either in physical health or in mind, it follows logically that the first step in the work of reform is through training. At the Elmira Reformatory the system is built up in the gymnasium, the regiment, and the school. Physical exercise and intellectual employment are required, and all the convicts are taught trades.

The intellectual training afforded by the reformatory is of a very high character compared even with the grammar-school system of the State. The prisoners are carried as far as their capacities will warrant in the rudiments of languages, logic, ethics, and science. Some of the prisoners are so defective intellectually that, although the average age of those sentenced to the institution is twenty-one years, a kindergarten has been established, where the faculties are trained to the recognition of objects and their attributes just as an infant's mind is gradually developed under the most elementary system of instruction.

After the kindergarten come the academic and grammar divisions, in which there are both primary and grammar classes in grammar and arithmetic, and, for foreigners, in English. In the higher sets of the academic division are taught logic and philosophy, practical ethics, political and social economy, modern history, and English literature. The instruction of the text-books is supplemented by lectures and by debates, in which the prisoners participate. There is a good library of about 4500 volumes, to which all the prisoners have access, except those who for a time are denied the privilege because they have mutilated or destroyed the books lent to them. The reference library, of about 1300 volumes, is reserved for the use of the upper first grade. Besides the library, the lectures, and the debates, a weekly paper, the *Summary*, for which the inmates write editorials and reports of what is going on in the reformatory, is published.

The enforced mental training is one of the harshest experiences of those convicts who make no progress during their confinement in the reformatory. As even the "incorrigibles" must be set free at the expiration of the maximum term for which they could have been sentenced, the first offender occasionally meets one or more of them in the police station or local jail while he is awaiting trial, and from them he learns of the horrors of enforced schooling. These tales of woe from men to whom mental effort is the severest drudgery are the bases of most of the pleas heard at the bar for a sentence to any prison rather than to Elmira, with its daily school tasks and its weekly lectures.

The trade-school is the most practical feature of the system—at least it is that which appeals most immediately to the average mind. It is here that the inmate acquires the means of earning an honest living after his discharge. It supplements the education that he receives through the system of promotion in the value of industry and obedience to law. Very few of the prisoners when they reach the reformatory for the first time know any trade. There are about 1800 inmates at Elmira. Last year 94.8 per cent. of those committed to the prison were without a trade, and 87.5 of those released were capable of earning journeymen's wages, and 50.8 per cent. were advanced apprentices. Of those paroled, 78.5 per cent. obtained employment at trades learned in the reformatory. The reformatory not only incites the inmates to honesty of life, but provides the means by which discharged prisoners may remain honest.

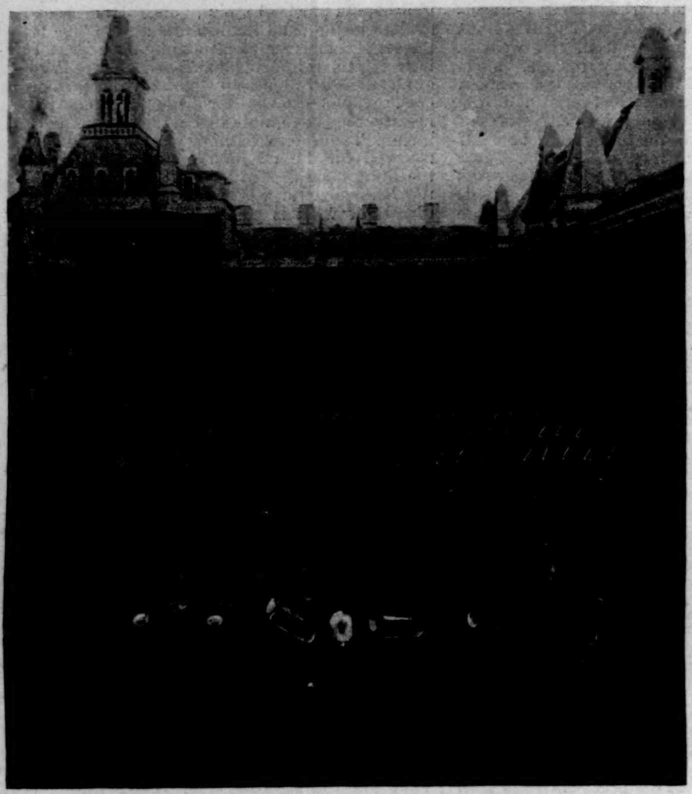
Thirty-four different trades are taught at the reformatory. They are baking, barbering, boat-building, bookbinding, brass-finishing, brass-moulding, bricklaying, cabinet-making, carpentry, clothing-cutting, cooking, frescoing, hard-wood finishing, horse-shoeing, iron-forging, iron-moulding, machinist, music, pattern-making, photo-engraving, plastering, plumbing, printing, shoemaking, sign-writing, stenography, stone-cutting, tailoring, tinsmithing, type-writing, upholstery, wood-carving, wood-turning, wood-working machinery. It seems necessary to give a list of the trades taught at the reformatory in order that the reader may obtain an idea of the variety of wage-earning occupations which the convicts can acquire. Every kind of talent and taste can find congenial work in this list.

The instruction is not confined to teaching the convicts the use of tools and the development of raw material into finished forms. Here, as in the general system of the reformatory, the prisoners earn promotion by their diligence, docility, and aptness. The classes are presided over by foremen employed by the institution, and as the prisoners advance they are promoted to places of responsibility, and thus realize the advantages and pleasure of command. The idea that conviction of a crime does not necessarily unfit one for leading an honest life and attaining to a position in respectable society is inculcated in every feature of the reformatory system. Convicts become lecturers, teachers, bosses, military commanders, and, after discharge, are employed about the institution as keepers and in other capacities. They are paid wages for their work, and are charged for food, lodgings, etc.

The most telling tribute to the value of the system of the institution is the reformation that is accomplished. Of the prisoners paroled from 1876 to 1892, it is estimated that nearly eighty-two per cent. were permanently reformed.

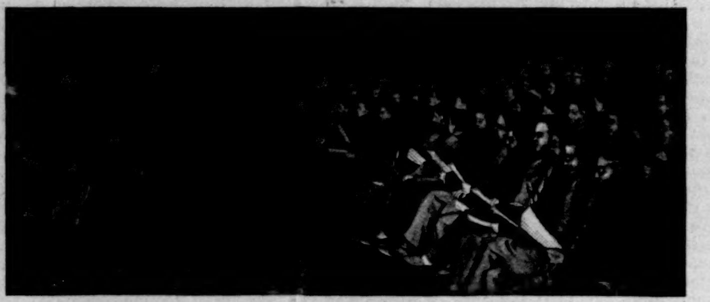
This institution, which has been a beneficence to those who had started out on a criminal career, and of immense usefulness to the State, ought to be jealously guarded by the Governor and the Legislature of New York. It is now indirectly attacked through accusations made against Mr. Z. R. Brockway, who has been the General Superintendent of the reformatory for eighteen years. It is due to him, to his devotion to his work, and to his intelligent development of the art of pœnology that the Elmira Reformatory stands where it does among the prisons of the world. That the system is wise and sound is proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, and a great wrong would be done to the State if it should be discredited, or by putting any one in charge of it who is not in sympathy with it, or who will not bring to the administration of it zeal, intelligence, knowledge of his subject, and long experience in the management of criminals. The only point at issue is whether Mr. Brockway, by long contact with criminals, has grown so harsh and brutal as to be unfit to be intrusted with the superintendence of such an institution as that of Elmira. It is to be hoped, in the interest of the prison-reform which is so much needed in this country, and especially in this State, that Mr. Brockway will be able to establish his innocence. But whatever may happen to him, the institution and its system should remain uninjured and untouched.

GENERAL VIEW OF REFORMATORY BUILDINGS.

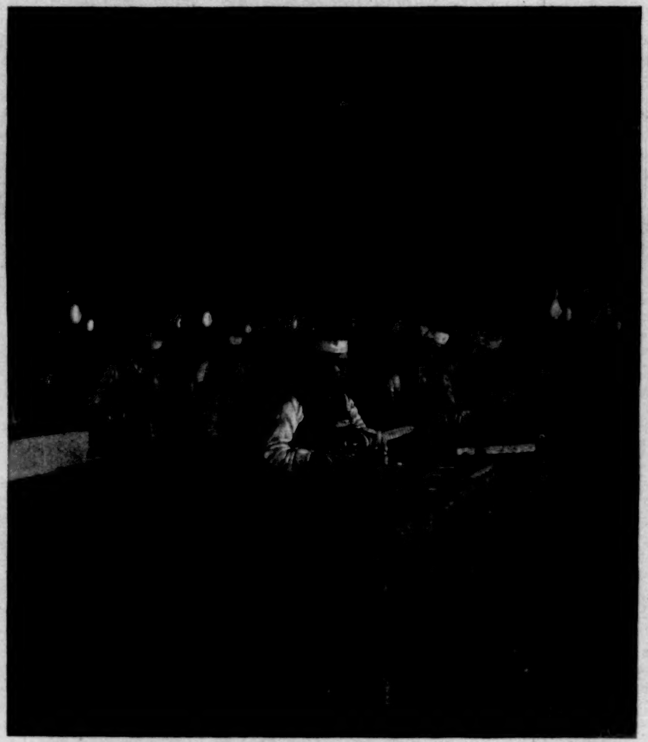


PARADE IN THE COURT-YARD.

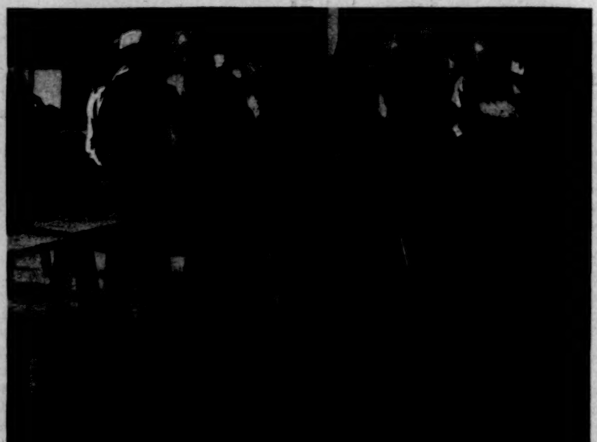
TINSMITHING.



CLASS IN LITERATURE.



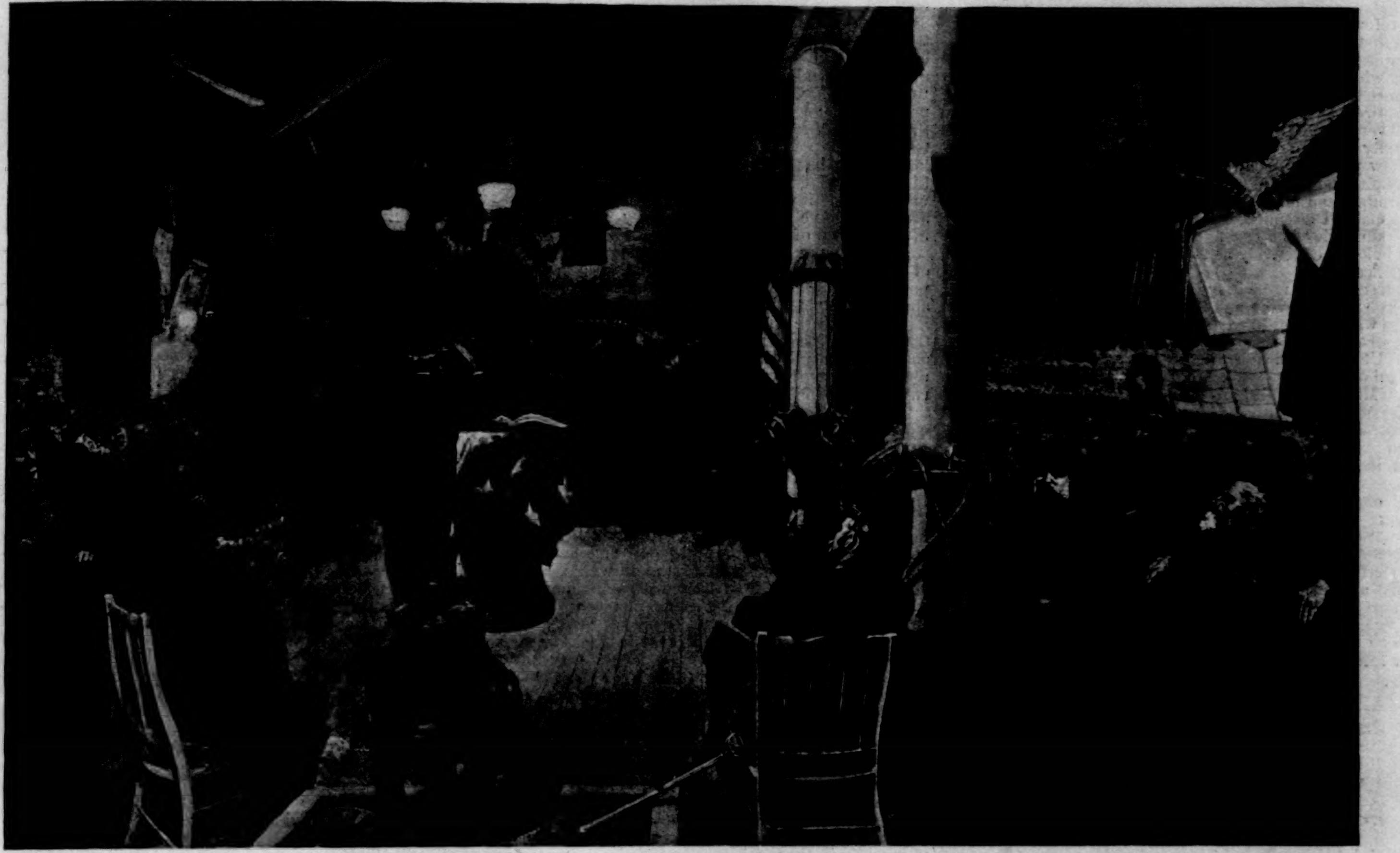
WOOD-TURNING.



CLOTHES-CUTTING.

CARPENTRY.

THE ELMIRA REFORMATORY.—[See Page 495.]



HEADQUARTERS OF THE FARRAGUT ASSOCIATION OF NAVAL VETERANS, NEW YORK.
DRAWN BY GEORGE ERRINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 490.]

AMATEUR SPORT

A SPORTING PILGRIMAGE.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

VI.

FOOTBALL.

When I have said that Oxfordshire, with a population of about 186,000, supports upwards of one hundred teams, some idea may be gained of the popularity of football in England—a popularity so far-reaching, in fact, as to be the most obstinate thorn in the flesh of the two governing bodies, or, rather, of one of them—Rugby—since the Association long ago gave up the fight for purity and decency in the sport it is alleged to direct. So rapid and so great has been the popularization of the game in the last decade that it has ceased to be mere recreation and has become instead a commercial speculation, particularly in the more flourishing Association centres, where regular limited liability companies live and prosper, with football as their sole *raison d'être*. These companies own grounds, maintain teams, arrange matches, pocket the gate receipts, pay the players, and altogether are organized for business on a business basis, to make trading in football-players as profitable as they would have it in cattle or groceries.

And yet the Association, which proclaims itself amateur, countenances it all. Fancy! And this class of football-players is the one that is now knocking for admittance on the door of the Rugby Union, and to whom many thoughtless people are urging the Union to open, and follow the example of the Association by recognizing professionalism. These unthinking ones put forth the weak argument that Rugby is losing ground because of its persistent refusal to let down the bars to professionalism; that in declining to permit payment of players it is narrowing its recruiting-field by turning all that lower element which breeds this class over to the Association. That Association football has outpaced Rugby of late years in popularity among the masses is perfectly true, but who that has made a careful study of the situation will say that the growth is healthful or that the Association is to be envied? From the very day the Association, yielding unwisely to a pressure it had not the courage and good sense to withstand, opened its ranks to professionalism, it has been declining in tone and in healthful, vigorous growth. As rapidly as the game has spread among the masses, so rapidly has it been dropped by amateurs, until to-day there is probably not a single amateur club playing the Association game in the north of England or the Midlands, while it is in disrepute everywhere, with rare exceptions.

And what has the professional done for Association football in return for being taken into the fold? He has given it great popularity among his kind, a popularity which, like a flash in the pan of the dramatic stage, will die away as quickly as it flamed, once deprived of artificial kindling; he has killed the game so far as amateurs are concerned, and infested it instead with a depravity as deep-rooted as it is far-reaching; he has, in fine, vitiated the football atmosphere of the British Kingdom. One may well ask, has the game been worth the candle?

How he came to gain admittance reads curiously enough. It was claimed for football, just as it is being claimed now for rowing by some who, strangely, indeed, seem unable to profit by experience or see beyond their noses, that in the matter of sport it was not democratic to draw distinctions between the lower and higher elements of society, that admitting the lower to the games of the higher meant popularization, and that it would be only fair, and not harmful, to permit adequate compensation for those players who could not afford to give the time to sport. Ah, me! what a headlong scamper after the shadow!

Is it not wondrous that with generations of experience to be had for the reading, such illusive argument could, yes, can to this very day, find hearers? Is it conceit or ignorance that impels us to experiment where there are no new lessons to learn if we would but profit by the experience of others? Are not, indeed, conceit and ignorance synonymous? However, if I may be pardoned for this bit of mind *vs.* matter, I'll turn from psychological digression to practical argument.

It is absolutely true that wherever or whenever an element enters sport for profit, corruption is certain to follow. Will any one tell me of one game which professionals have dominated that has not, starting out with a boom, ended in final decay after a life of corruption and scandal? How runs the history of professional foot-racing, boating, and pugilism? How that of our so-called national game of baseball, which came so near collapse through the intrusion of greed and corruption, and the popularity of which has never since reached the point it once enjoyed before our faith in its integrity had been shaken? Why is it that even horse-racing, with its government partly in the hands of gentlemen, has degenerated to a mere gambling-machine, while Association football in England has gone the same way, and racing bicycling, in both England and America, is fast reaching a similar condition, if it is not that money, and not sport, has been the moving spirit in every instance?

And so long and so sure as grass grows and water runs, just so long and so sure will the result be identical.

Must we, then, give over all our sport outside of the schools and universities to professionals to run its scandalous course until overtaken by collapse and disgrace? Is the worship of the almighty dollar to obtain in recreation as it does in trade? Shall the man who plays football, or runs, or rides a bicycle for money have preference in our support over the one who plays for the love of it?

No sophistry can be more harmful than that which suggests, as a means of developing sport, the encouragement of the professional to the detriment of the amateur. What is more absurd than the argument, advanced for the benefit of the lower element, that the man who cannot afford the time to play should be compensated for such loss? Why should any man be paid for the time he loses from his business? Why should such a one play at all? There are plenty just as good that have the time. And why, if compensation is in order, should only the lower element be considered? There are hundreds of young men graduated every year from our universities who, if they were cads enough to permit of being "approached" by athletic "managers," would perform quite as well, and certainly be a more acceptable lot to spectators. But, thank heaven, the college man remains an amateur and a gentleman!

And what drivelling fool talk is all this that prates of ignoring the poor "laborer," as if we were not all laborers in this work-a-day world, and wants to drag him into our sport, putting him under restrictions with which he has no sympathy, and paying him for the time he may lose from his trade! What sporting "Coxeyism" is this that has neither rhyme nor reason to warrant its serious consideration by intelligent mankind?

The only wholesome way to develop sport is to encourage amateurs, not by bands of travelling star performers, but by local stimulus, and the only basis upon which sport will ever remain firm and healthful is that of honesty, and sport for sport's sake only.

Those who call me a crank on the subject I ask to watch the career of racing bicycling in America the coming two years, meanwhile thinking of what was written on athletics a few years ago.

The Rugby Union deserves the greatest credit for withstanding the influences brought to bear towards its recognition of professionalism. It has suffered somewhat maybe in the popular eye, but it has continued to prosper, and more than all, it has retained the respect and admiration of all English sportsmen. However, despite its good intentions and its discountenancing of all attempts to pay players, a certain professional taint has crept in among the lower classes in certain sections of England. Where the football spirit is keen, men who could ill afford several months of time unless compensated are found playing on club teams and remaining in training throughout the season, and the obvious conclusion is that such men are practically supported by the large clubs, of which there are a number, organized for business pure and simple. It looks as though the Union would eventually be obliged to give up attempting to reclaim the great unwashed, and leave them to go their way, while it went back to the definition that has kept rowing (next to cricket) the cleanest sport in England.

There are such an infinite number of football clubs in Great Britain that it would take quite a volume to chronicle them all; but, as in athletics, none have club-houses, and a few only own grounds. The few that have fields of their own are of the limited liability company class, which throw open their gates to football, cricket, athletics, or whatever pays. The largest is the Huddersfield Cricket, Football, and Athletic Club, which has three enclosed fields, and pays dividends to its members. Bradford Club has a cricket and football field, and one of the few with a club-house. Only in rare cases have these companies maintained a club of their own. Blackheath, the oldest Rugby club in England, has grounds, but no house; the London-Scottish, also Rugby, rents its grounds. The largest clubs in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford (all Rugby), and Birmingham (Association) rent their fields. The London Athletic Club has no team; it had a Rugby fifteen, but gave it up several years ago. In Association, clubs of all sorts and kinds are constantly springing into existence, each a breeding-den of strife, and every one trying, by bribery and by every other foul means, to outdo the other.

The clubs play one against the other for the county championships, the successful ones deciding the supremacy in a further series of cup ties; and from the winning teams in these ultimate results the International elevens are chosen, on which, even in Association, are frequently university men, though they are becoming fewer every year. Rugby Union, generally speaking, is not predisposed to cup ties, experience having shown they did not work to the most healthful encouragement of the game, but they remain in vogue in Yorkshire and in the Midlands. There is, therefore, no actual championship trophy or round in Rugby Union as in Association, and the international matches with Ireland, Scotland, and Wales are the great feature of the season.

Yorkshire is not only the biggest county in England, but the great Rugby centre, and the people are so very keen that its gates are the largest of any in England among so-called amateur teams. Many counties, however, that formerly played the Rugby game have gone over to professionalism and the Association.

Although professionalism has practically killed the amateur in Association football, the desire for a purer condition is shown by the recent organization of a distinctive amateur body. The taint, however, seems to cling to it, for when in England I heard of one club that had offered to "scratch" for consideration (surely a curious suggestion for an amateur club to make); while at another match under the new Association's auspices the referee was so roughly handled after a decision that his clothes were literally torn off him, and a defending half-back was knocked senseless by a rap on the head with a stick. Notwithstanding this poor beginning, there is considerable agitation in England over

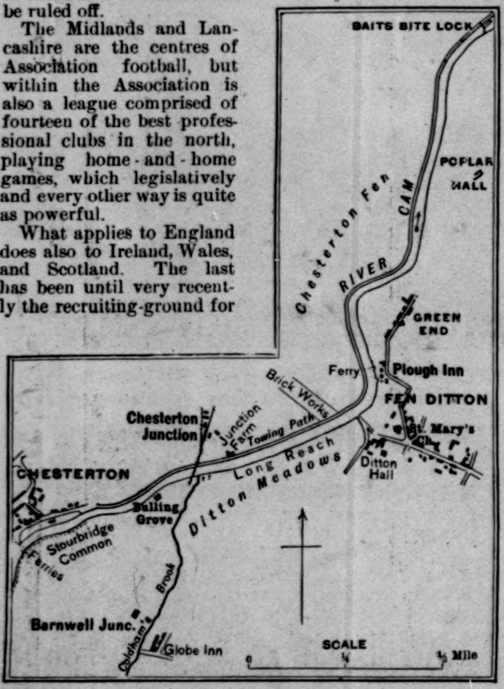
the desirability of a body that will maintain strictly amateur Association football, and a determination that there shall be a reform from present methods, and a union of amateur clubs that will be something in the lines of university sport.

Despite the gates at the matches of the professional teams, which run from $6000 to $12,000, with entrance fees at sixpence to one shilling *per capita*, they are nearly all in debt, due entirely to the large salaries paid players, and it looks to me very much as if professional football in Great Britain is rapidly going the way that professional baseball went with us a few years ago, as a result of artificial propagation, extravagant salaries, and general depravity. Their games are very rough, and not infrequently break up in a general mêlée; a match I attended, between a club and Army Association team, ended in a free fight, the soldier spectators using their belts so effectively as to necessitate a call for doctors and police.

Such scenes are not witnessed in Rugby, where the ruling on rough play is severe, and the referee respected. A player may be warned or ordered off the field for a first offense, but for a second he is reported to the Union in addition to be ruled off.

The Midlands and Lancashire are the centres of Association football, but within the Association is also a league comprised of fourteen of the best professional clubs in the north, playing home-and-home games, which legislatively and every other way is quite as powerful.

What applies to England does also to Ireland, Wales, and Scotland. The last has been until very recently the recruiting-ground for



THE CAMBRIDGE COURSE.*

the English professional teams, but the Scottish Association not long ago legalized professionalism, and consequently have not only insured the strength of their future teams, but narrowed the English field of supply.

In the university article on the sport I have shown that after the first general wave of football had spent its force, the public schools of England taught the game, and old school-boys and university men created clubs.

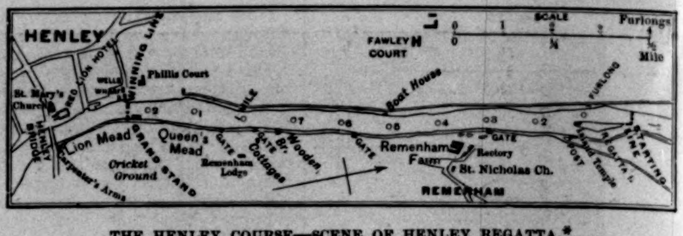
Before the Union came into being, the Blackheath Club, formed in 1857, and the Richmond Club, organized in the early sixties, occupied the attention of football enthusiasts, and their matches were the most keenly followed of the day.

There was very little of Rugby in the sixties, not more than a score of clubs about London and hardly any in the provinces, except Lancashire and Yorkshire, which furnished some of the players in the first international match with Scotland in 1871. That there is nothing new in the world seems to be verified even by sporting research, for I found that well back in the sixties the old Blackheath Club had played a primitive interference game, which we have developed with such consummate skill. Their forwards used to "charge" down the field to defend the half-back running behind them with the ball; it was a winning play too, and gave many a victory before it was finally disallowed.

The Rugby Union was organized in the early part of 1871, with E. C. Holmes, captain of the Richmond team, in the chair, whose club, together with the Blackheath and the Civil Service clubs, was the most important of the original members, though Scotland should not be forgotten as having furnished three of the first thirty-three clubs. For some years previous to this there had been an attempt to codify the rules, but the existence of so many different styles of play made the final result rather long in forth-coming.

Previous to its establishment the Rugby and Association games were more or less analogous, but with the institution of the latter in '63, followed by the former in '71, the two began to drift apart until they reached the entirely dissimilar conditions of play that exist to-day. At first the Union had jurisdiction over the entire British Kingdom, but as the football interest developed it was found the one body did not answer, and in '73, '75, and '80 Scotland, Ireland, and Wales formed unions of their own. At this time twenty were a team, and contests consisted chiefly of compact scrimmages and wearisome shoving matches. This number of players continued until '77, when, at the instance of Scotland, it was officially decreased to fifteen, leading instantly to a more open style of play, which together with increasing the number of three-quarter-backs to their present number of three, followed by the inauguration of the system of passing that is so great a feature of the game to-day, constitutes two of the very few improvements that have been made in Rugby Union football. Passing was first brought into prominence by the Blackheath Club, though it was not until '82 that the Oxford team developed the long-passing now prevalent.

During the shoving age, hacking, tripping, and scragging, the last being a very effective if not pleasing method of making the opponent cry "down" by twisting his neck, were prominent and important features, though abolished with the limit at fifteen players and the beginning of looser play; but the penalty of a free kick for off-side play was not adopted until '88; and it was in '75 that Oxford and Cambridge first agreed to play fifteen instead of twenty.



THE HENLEY COURSE—SCENE OF HENLEY REGATTA.*

Although the forwards were having a pretty hard time of it during this shoving period, the half-backs enjoyed opportunities for brilliant play they have never since had, for about all the "gallery" work fell upon them before the rise into prominence of the three-quarter-backs. The halves then stood farther back of the scrimmage than they do now, and did practically all the running with the ball, as may be understood by the fact that even when they were playing twenty a side only one three-quarter-back was used.

The introduction of the loose game is claimed by several clubs. The Scotch believe that they were the first to play it; by some, Blackheath is given the honor; others maintain that Richmond was the first; and still others, with very good reason, are of the opinion that the change came from Oxford. However that may be, as the system of tight scrimmages gave way to loose play the brilliancy of the half-back dimmed, and he found he was fulfilling his mission if he succeeded in snapping up the ball and getting it to the single three-quarter, who, as the forwards became more skilful in breaking up, required a companion in order to, with any degree of certainty, gain distance with the ball.

Thus it came about that the number of three-quarter-backs was gradually increased until, even in the last year, some of the teams have taken another one of the forwards and put him on as a three-quarter, making four altogether. While the four three-quarter-back system has not yet become universal, the development of the play has brought the three-quarter into the greatest prominence, and it is he nowadays that is given the opportunities, and not the half, who rarely runs with the ball, and serves in about the same position as our quarter.

Outside of Oxford and Cambridge, the most interesting games of the year are between the Richmond, Blackheath, and London-Scottish clubs, all of which play the universities; while in the north the Bradford and Manchester clubs are considered to furnish the best sport. The club match is the life of Rugby Union, there being actually no championship, and nothing that resembles the Championship Cup of the Association. In the south a match between Oxford and London usually determines the better team, while in the north Yorkshire is the accepted power.

Yorkshire, indeed, where they do have cup ties and a championship, which, however, some of the best clubs do not enter, is generally acknowledged to turn out the strongest team next to Oxford and Cambridge.

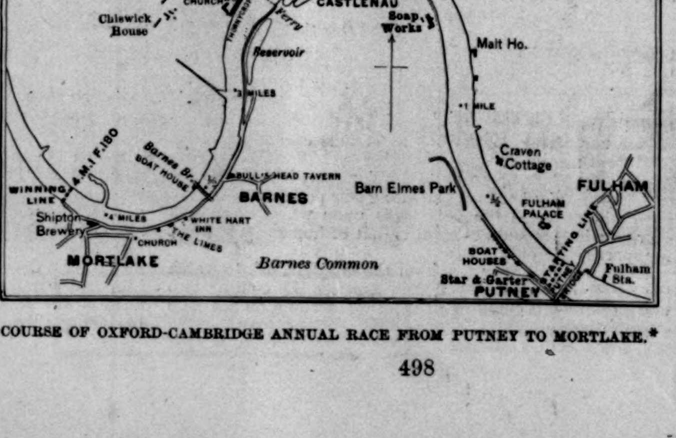
The Rugby Union is governed by a committee composed equally of southern and northern members, who choose their representative teams, and the selection of international teams is by a subcommittee of six—three representing northern England, three southern. International contests generally are governed by a board of 12—6 from England, 2 Scotland, 2 Ireland, and 2 Wales.

The international fifteens of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales are chosen by their respective governing unions, and on practically the same basis. They have always played good football in the home of Bobby Burns, the Rugby game has flourished there certainly since the formation of the Union, and was popular even long before that body was dreamed of. Scotland seems, in fact, to have always been predisposed to football, and her sons have played it enthusiastically as boys and men time out of mind.

Ireland, though not having got on so well as Scotland, has, nevertheless, a history dating well back, and of much interest. They have, indeed, three kinds of football—Rugby, Association, and Gaelic—the relative condition of which may be judged when, as it has been said, that in Rugby you kick the ball; in Association you kick the man if you cannot kick the ball, and in Gaelic you kick the ball if you cannot kick the man. Ireland played its first international match with England in '74, though not until '82 did they begin to send out the strong teams that now rank with the best.

Wales is the youngest but most energetic Rugby centre of the lot. They played England for the first time in '80, and not until the last year or so have they succeeded in putting out a strong team. But nowhere is the game played with greater energy to-day.

At the time of the organization of the Association in 1863 the Rugby off-side rule was in force, but this was changed in '67 to the present ruling, and from that date both passing and dribbling have been features of the game. Since then there has been no particular development other than the perfection of skill in dribbling, and the introduction of heading the ball, which has become a most clever and important feature. In the very first years there was some experimenting with different plays, but the game had settled down about '75, and has remained practically the same ever since.



COURSE OF OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE ANNUAL RACE FROM PUTNEY TO MORTLAKE.*

The earliest years of the Association game were amateur, and the Wanderers' Club was famous for the very clever team it turned out, with which it won several years in succession. It was in 1872 that cup ties were established, which started the popular wave that had spread in '75 to the provincial districts, and in a year or so later had taken full possession of the country, and bade farewell to all hopes of the amateur. There was only one club playing Association football in Birmingham in '74, but two years later the number had increased to nearly half a hundred, and this was only the beginning of the interest that extended throughout the kingdom. So many provincial clubs sprang up that the system of cup ties had to be changed in '79, the clubs being divided into districts for the preliminary rounds. In '83 a provincial club won the championship, and from that year the successful team has always come from the provinces.

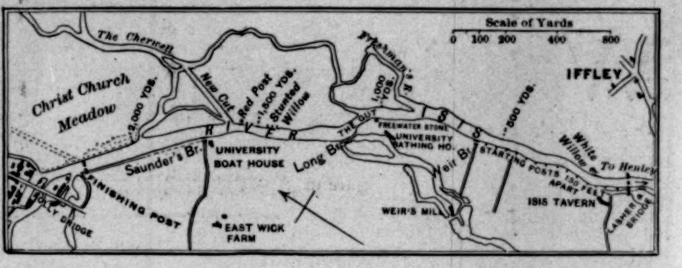
With the increase of provincial clubs and the absorption of football by the lower elements, teams became more and more professional, until finally offences were so flagrant that the Association in its weakness openly recognized what it could not stamp out. That day sounded the knell of the amateur in Association football. He endeavored for a while to stem the current, but it was too strong for him, and realizing he must either get out or be carried along in the sea of impurities, he left the field to the professional, who has held undisputed sway ever since.

Whether this decadence in amateur football may ever be repaired is a serious question, but I incline to the opinion that the present extravagant professional furor will run its course, ending in collapse and disgrace, and the amateur live once again in all his pristine purity.

VII.

BOATING.*

No sport in England is cleaner than boating, and none is older, for it rivals the age, I dare say, of the very Thames, whose troubled, rushing, muddy bosom is the scene of so much of its activity. Having gone into the antiquity of rowing in the university series, and, after considerable rummaging among dust-laden tomes of boating-lore emerged with about as much knowledge as when I entered upon the research, to wit, that the first date of boating at the public



THE OXFORD COURSE.*

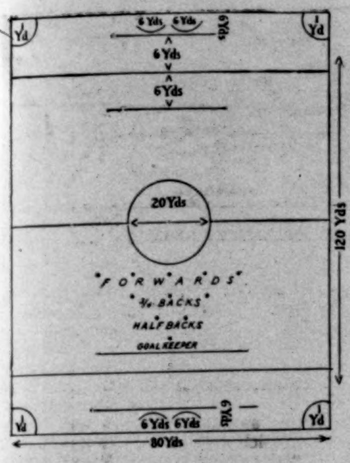
schools and universities has not been authentically determined, and that one only knows that before history took up the subject boating was, I shall curb my ambition for further delving in this article. We do know, however, a little more about the earliest days of rowing on the Thames, or rather non-collegiate boating, since it is a matter of record that the first race instituted on that course was founded by Mr. Doggett, a famous comedian, who, in 1715, offered a trophy for the watermen, which, known as the Doggett Coat and Badge, is raced for annually to this day, authentic records existing since 1791. The Thames waterman, by-the-way, is quite an interesting worthy, and forms a rather picturesque background to boating history. He is a professional, to be sure, but an honest one, and, as a class, commands the respect of all British oarsmen. It is safe to say that if interest was keen enough to provide a prize for watermen, the general rowing spirit at that time must have been spreading satisfactorily; and the fact that the first Thames regatta was held in 1775 shows there was a great deal of previous rowing to have suggested it, to say nothing of the evidence of its popularity to be had in the histories that tell of the very considerable stir in boating circles along in the beginning of the present century, when the Westminster and Eton public schools were figuring quite prominently.

The earliest clubs to have left any record are the Star and Arrow, which were in existence even so early as the last of the eighteenth century, and flourished at the beginning of the nineteenth, disappearing somewhere along 1820.

From one or the other or both of these the Leander Club, founded in 1825 or thereabouts, is said to have arisen. Within a few years after its organization the Leander became quite a power, being considered not only the first amateur boating club in Great Britain in point of history, but in influence as well. It grew to be a sort of consolidating power, absorbing the best oarsmen of the numerous little clubs that sprung up along the river. As rapidly, however, as one lot of clubs dissolved, only to materialize again under Leander colors, another, nothing daunted, floated their insignia to the Thames breeze, and while in no case did they develop beyond a more or less indifferent life, yet it all went to show that the boating spirit was not wanting, and that the rivalry was becoming keen even at so early a time.

The most important first appearance of the Leander Club

* From Badminton Library—"Boating." By courtesy of Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co.



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL FIELD.

was in '31, when they rowed and defeated Oxford in a match race for £200 a side (the amateur definition of to-day did not obtain at that time, nor was it necessary), watermen steering.

This was the liveliest of the early periods of boating, and for a few years the interest continued to spread and the sport to thrive, the Leander and the small clubs that were popping into life and dropping out again furnishing the centre of a growing race of oarsmen. Naturally, with this increase in the number of participants, and the ensuing match races, a regatta was to be expected as a certain sequence, and thus, in 1839 the Henley Regatta, starting with but one prize, the Grand Challenge Cup, which up to the present day is considered the most desirable trophy for an eight-oar crew to win, was called into existence. It was a successful and popular institution, as the speedy offering of other trophies argues. The same year the Town Challenge Cup was added to the list; two years later the Stewards' Cup; in '44, the Diamond Sculls; in '45, the Ladies' Challenge Cup for eight oars, also the race for pair oars; and in '47, the Visitors' Challenge Cup for four oars; in '56, the Wyfold Challenge Cup for four oars; followed by the Thames Challenge Cup for eight oars in '68, and the Public Schools' Challenge Cup for fours in '79.

Notwithstanding the auspicious opening of the regatta, however, and the liberal offering of prizes, the unforeseen influence of an expanding trade filled the Thames with steamboats, and from about 1840 caused such a lessening of popularity that in the early fifties a scratch eight was rarely seen, and it was not until along towards '56 that there were signs of a reviviscence. In those days suburban railway facilities had not reached the present standard, and clubs at Putney as they are to-day were not then a possibility. The increased river traffic and the churning steamboats made practice or training almost impossible, so that really the only bit of good water any of the crews got was at the Henley Regatta itself. Even Leander during this period cut no figure in the aquatic world, appearing only once or twice at Henley, and absenting itself thereafter.

The revival of rowing on the Thames may be dated from the birth of the London Rowing Club (1856), which not only won the Grand Challenge Cup on its first appearance at Henley, in '57, but sent a thrill of new life through amateur boating that gave it such an impetus as has carried it up to its present popular pitch.

Besides being a powerful factor in competitions, and invariably turning out good crews, the London Club had the good sportsmanship to encourage others, and by its generous aid and its example several other clubs came into being shortly afterwards, the most important of these being the Thames, which exists to-day as one of the three great rowing clubs on the river. No institution in Great Britain may be said to have done so much for English rowing as this London Club. With the coming of the Thames Club, a new rival appeared on the river to spur on the eights of Leander and London, all striving for the honor of giving the Oxford and Cambridge 'varsities the best practice spins when they came to Putney for their final work. It was all clean honest rivalry, and has remained so.

In the mean time the boating spirit grew apace.

So much activity on the Thames was certain to bring a response from the country, and although spreading slowly at first, it was not long before provincial oarsmanship began to be heard from, and the movement set in that has in the last twenty years placed it at its present excellent standard. Clubs were formed wherever there was a suitable course, and the keenest rivalry existed between the towns.

Although clubs along the Thames have not multiplied largely, the number of oarsmen, with the public schools and the universities as constant feeders, has greatly increased, and there has been no drag in the interest since its revival in the latter part of the fifties. Each year the Henley Regatta has grown more important, until it has become the greatest rowing event in the world.

With boating growing in popularity, and the spirit spreading to the farthermost corners of the kingdom, there came a time, along in the seventies, when it was apparent that the amateur status required closer supervision and clearer defining. Previous to the Henley Regatta of '71 there had never been an occasion for legislation; but one of the crews entered that year for the Town Cup being questioned on its qualification as "gentlemen amateurs," the necessity of deciding on just what should constitute an amateur oarsman was apparent.

Refusing an entry was a decided departure at the time of which I am writing, and led to much discussion among oarsmen, although it was not until '78 that a representative meeting eventually went into session prepared for business, and at which a committee composed of the leading members of the clubs and universities determined on this definition:

"An amateur oarsman or sculler must be an officer of her Majesty's army or navy, or civil service, a member of the liberal professions, or of the universities or public schools, or of any established boat or rowing club not containing mechanics or professionals; and must not have competed in any competition for either a stake or money or entrance fee, or with or against a professional for any prize; nor ever taught, pursued, or assisted in the pursuit of athletic exercises of any kind as a means of livelihood, nor have ever been employed in or about boats, or in manual labor; nor be a mechanic, artisan, or laborer."

The next year the executive committee of the Henley Regatta drew up a set of rules of their own, which, although worded differently, were practically the same; and these

(*Continued on page 501.*)

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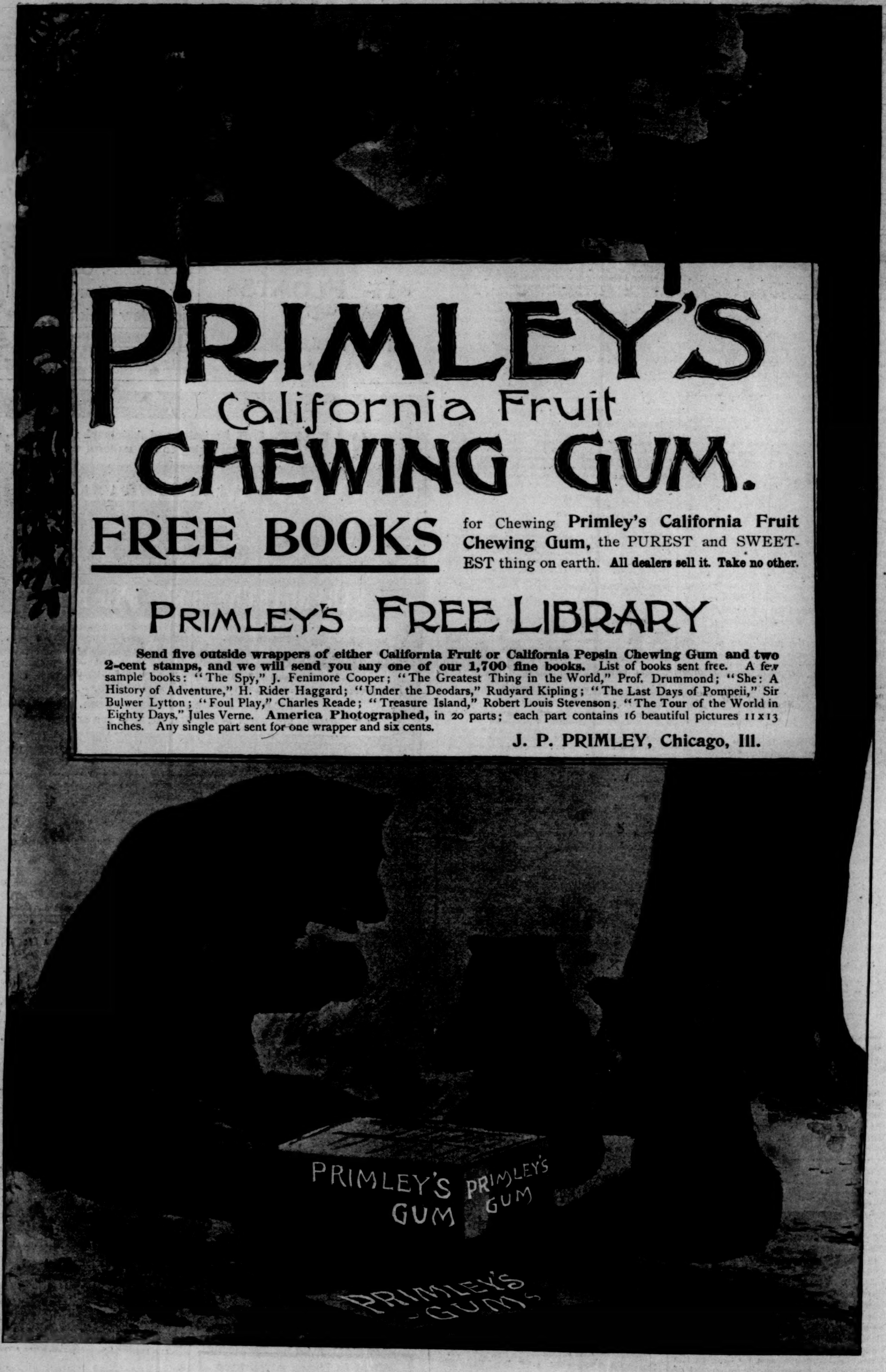
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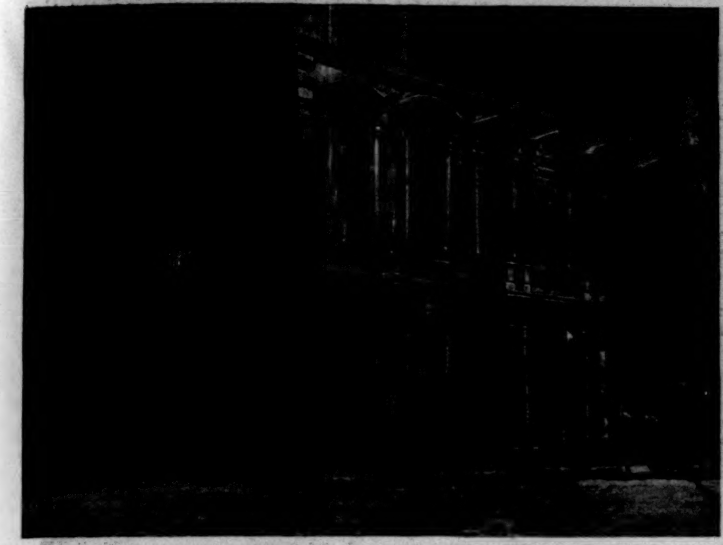


SPORTS CLUB HOUSE, LONDON.
Photographed by W. H. Grove.

have been changed slightly, until the following, the rules that obtain to-day, are the result:

"1. No person shall be considered an amateur oarsman, sculler, or cockswain—

"A. Who has ever taken part in any open competition for a stake, money, or entrance fee.

"B. Who has ever knowingly competed with or against a professional for any prize.

"C. Who has ever taught, pursued, or assisted in the practice of athletic exercises of any kind for profit.

"D. Who has ever been employed in or about boats, or in manual labor for money or wages.

"E. Who is or has been by trade or employment for wages a mechanic, artisan, or laborer, or engaged in any menial duty."

These rules have created much criticism now and again, both in England and in the United States, but despite some inconsistencies in application as to different trades, they have beyond question proved the salvation of honest amateur boating and the means of keeping it the cleanest of English sports. I have studied this subject very carefully on both sides of the water, and not only am I of the opinion that English rowing would not occupy the high plane it does to-day were it not for this amateur definition, but, strange as it may sound to our American ideas of democracy, I believe we must adopt some very similar ruling if we ever hope to attain a correspondingly high standard. There is no reason why we should not have a Henley in America—but not under present rulings.

Why there should be such constant strife to bring together in sport the two divergent elements of society that never by any chance meet elsewhere on even terms is not only quite incomprehensible, but absolutely the sole cause of all our athletic woe. Unlike the quality of mercy, which blesses him that gives and him that receives, this athletic philanthropy embarrasses both. We form associations, and then rush into them *nolens volens* all manner of clubs, composed of all conditions of men, expecting these, whose education has not been such as to lead to an appreciation, nor even an understanding, of the true amateur definition, to at once fall into the lines we have laid down, and forsake traditions and habits of a lifetime—nay, of several generations of lifetimes.

It sounds quite as sensible and impracticable as the theory of that other Utopian philanthropist who fondly expects the negro, lifted suddenly out of generations of bondage, to fraternize and favorably compare with the race whose individuals have always been the refined and cultured members of the civilized world.

Just so impossible is it for the amateur athletic organizations of Great Britain and America to attempt to bring together two elements in sport that do not harmonize in any other walk of life.

Even in England there has been in recent years an attempt by university men, whose sincerity cannot be doubted, even though their wisdom be questioned, to mix oil and water by the formation of the National (so called) Amateur Rowing Association, which should admit all men who pretended to row for sport, be their station in life what it may. But, sad to relate, their Christianlike efforts have been illy rewarded; for on several occasions these reclaimed amateurs have sold challenge cups to which they had no title, and the annual regatta has dwindled to an affair of small importance and less respectability.

If this were not lesson enough for those who seem to believe that athletics, like love, levels all ranks, the present condition of track and field athletics and of football in England, in all of which their pet doctrine has been exploited and the bars let down, ought to be convincing proof of the absolute impossibility of keeping amateur sport clean and throwing it open to the laboring (so-called) classes; for we are all laborers on this earth—laborers in our chosen professions or trades, laborers of different degrees of culture, according to the quality of refinement into which we are born or which we subsequently acquire.

We of America have only in the last five years begun to see this side of sport. We saw the introduction of the low element damn boxing; we know what the defunct Manhattan Athletic Club and its hireling athletes did for athletics; we see every day to what state bicycling has come; rowing is not what it should be; and we are grateful that football has not yet become so popular as to jeopard its present health and respectability. But the day is coming when we shall have that element to contend against just as certainly as it came in England, and we must profit by the mistakes of the sportsmen of the Old World.

No one rejoices more than I at evidences of the lower classes turning their attention to sport. It is a magnificent spectacle, of incalculable value to national manhood, and would it applied to the whole world. No one is more democratic than I. I am more than willing to help my laboring brother of lesser refinement; to do all I can for him in the matter of sport; give him advice, time, aid, and to encourage in every possible manner his efforts to make more of a man of himself. But I do not care to eat or play football with him.

We each of us have our own ideas of the fitness of things, of the qualifications of an amateur, and our own ways of doing. Let us therefore abide in them, neither trespassing on the premises of the other. There is no reason why, because I prefer to use a fork, and my laboring friend is predisposed to the knife, that we should attempt to force our preferences one upon the other.

This is a free country, and life is too short to waste time in fruitless endeavors. The laboring class are all right in their way; let them go their way in peace, and have their athletics in whatsoever manner best suits their inclinations. There is no reason on earth why they should play under our rules, or why we should open our rules to admit of their more liberal understandings of an amateur.

Let us have our own sport among the more refined elements, and allow no discordant elements to enter into it. Let our best clubs hold meetings open to invitation entries only, and our college men after graduation keep up their rowing, as they do in England, and give us a few more crews like that the New York Athletic Club had two years ago, and of the kind Detroit has always turned out. Let us have a definition somewhat akin to the English Amateur Rowing Association, and, likely as not, in a few years it may be possible for us to hold such a regatta as they have at Henley, but not until then.

So thoroughly impressed has the better English athletic public become with the hopelessness of otherwise relieving the present condition that I expect to see in the next few years the better clubs of Great Britain adopt a similar amateur definition to that which obtains in rowing. It is sure to come, for to-day the better element, once it has left the universities, retires from competition, driven out by the lower.

Every boating-man in the universe knows the Henley Regatta, instituted in '39, not only the largest in the world, but the only one at which all the entries are *bona fide* amateurs beyond question. Its three days of contest are usually held the first week of July, and its cups represent the championships of two hemispheres. The programme includes: The Grand Challenge Cup for eight oars, open to any amateur crew in the world (according to the definition already given, which, in fact, governs the entire regatta). The Stewards' Challenge Cup for four oars, open to the world. The Ladies' Challenge Plate, open only to English university, college, and public-school eights. The Visitors' Challenge Cup for fours, open only to college and school crews. The Thames Challenge Cup for eights, open to the world—

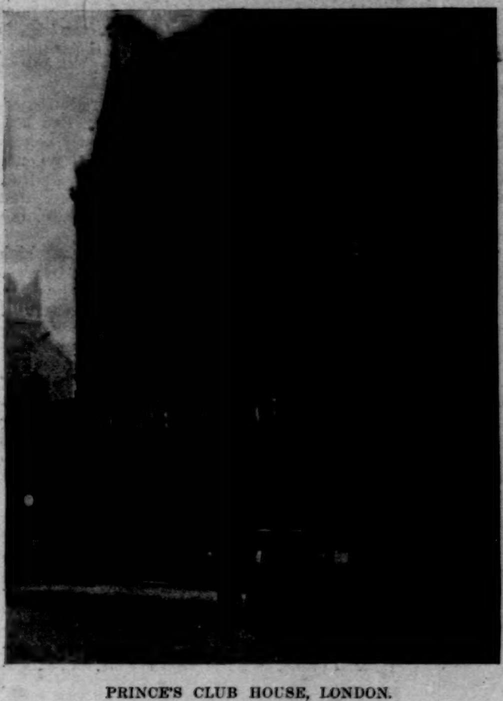
"but no member of the winning crew, cockswain excepted, of the Grand Challenge or Stewards' cups may row, nor can the same men enter for this race and for others in the same year."

The Wyfold Challenge Cup for fours, open to the world under the same conditions as the Stewards' Cup. The Silver Goblets for pair oars, open to the world. The Diamond Challenge Sculls for singles, open to the world.

The entries at this regatta include college crews from both Oxford and Cambridge, public-school and club crews, the three great clubs—Leander, London, and Thames—being the most important competitors, the latter being composed almost entirely of Oxford and Cambridge oarsmen, and not infrequently are both universities represented in the same club eight.

None but a university man is admitted to the Leander Rowing Club, and consequently their crews are composed entirely of old 'varsity oars. The London Club has no such provision, but its crew likewise is made up largely of similar material. The Thames Club is a little less particular, and of a slightly lower grade, though all its oarsmen are desirable, and the amateur standard is maintained. There have been occasions when the Thames made a slight deviation, but, as a usual thing, it lives up to the lines pretty closely.

Following Henley, in about the middle of July, comes the race for the Wingfield Sculls, open only to "gentlemen scullers of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." The trophies are silver sculls, presented in 1830 by Henry C. Wingfield to the best amateur sculler of the Thames. Originally the course was from Westminster to Putney Bridge; then in 1849 it was changed to be rowed annually, August 10th, from Putney to Kew, a distance of



PRINCE'S CLUB HOUSE, LONDON.
Photographed by W. H. Grove.

6 miles; but in '61 it was altered to the present course, 4¼ miles, from Putney Aqueduct to the Ship (Tavern) at Mortlake. The winning of this trophy carries with it the amateur championship of Great Britain, and the best oarsmen of the mother country are always to be found among the entries. Since '61 the championship badge has been given to the champion, while the box in which the trophy itself is contained is literally covered with silver plates containing the names of its annual winners.

Directly after Henley, too, comes the Metropolitan Regatta, founded in '66, at which four cups are given—one each for Junior and Senior eights, one for fours, and one for scullers; the Royal Thames Regatta, established in '43, for gentlemen amateurs, two cups—one a gold challenge for eights, and a silver challenge for fours; Thames National Regatta for watermen—champion fours, pair oars, sculls, apprentice sculls, and the famous Doggett Coat and Badge race.

The waterman is favored, in fact, by several closely following regattas to prove the place he occupies in the esteem

THE LONDON, LEANDER, AND THAMES ROWING CLUBS—VIEW UP THE THAMES FROM PUTNEY BRIDGE.
Photographed by W. H. Grove.

THE BARRIER AT PUTNEY BRIDGE
Clearing the Oxford-Cambridge Course.

of all oarsmen, and in August come the Windsor and Eton regattas, which furnish excellent good sport, and the Amateur Punting Championships, where the most skilful pole-work in the world may be seen and enjoyed, for these punt races, as may be judged by the form of the craft, which is flat-bottomed, without stem, keel, or stern-post, the width at each end being at least one-half of the width at the widest part, are no end of fun as well as sport.

Beside all this boating on the Thames there are innumerable regattas given by different cities—Chester, Bedford, Derry, Reading, Molesey, Ipswich, Mersey, Worcester, Leicester, York, Nottingham, Kingston-on-Thames, etc., to no end. It may be judged, therefore, from this list of regattas, which does not pretend or even begin to be complete, that the boating spirit in England is intense, and its influence felt throughout the kingdom.

In Ireland and Scotland there are a number of clubs which hold annual regattas, but a crew is rarely seen at Henley. Dublin University sometimes sends representation, but that is about the only one that has ever put in an appearance. There are clubs and rowing at Belfast, Dublin, Cork, Limerick, and Londonderry in Ireland, and at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, and Aberdeen in Scotland.

Although pretending to have no jurisdiction outside of England, I believe, nevertheless, the Amateur Rowing Association is looked upon as and unquestionably is the ruling spirit of the British Kingdom. It is to rowing, in fact, what the Marylebone Club is to cricket and Hurlingham is to polo, and this for the very evident and good reason that its guidance remains in the hands of gentlemen.

The executive committee is always composed of the president of the Oxford and of the Cambridge boat clubs, the captains of the London, Leander, and Thames rowing clubs, and the honorable secretary of the Association.

Its roster of membership numbers 36 affiliated clubs. Besides which there are in Great Britain 60 Metropolitan clubs, 30 of which are also members of the National Amateur Rowing Association and the West End Amateur Rowing Association, 92 provincial clubs, 24 tradesmen's clubs, and 21 sea-coast clubs.

It may be judged, therefore, that this great boating spirit, upon which I have commented so exhaustively here and elsewhere in this series, is not confined to Oxford and Cambridge.

OUR MOST MUSICAL CITY.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

"THEY sing *Sigurd* to-night," said the creole woman to the milkman who was pouring a pennyworth of milk from a dipper into her pitcher. He was a milkman such as you may see only in New Orleans; or, rather, such was his peripatetic shop—his wagon. It was a very heavy, very high two-wheeled cart, with so small a box that the man had to squeeze into his place behind the two gorgeous fat polished copper cans, over which his reins drooped down to the horse's back, and between which his black eyes and small cap were alone to be seen as he drove like mad through the quiet walled-in streets of the creole half of the city.

"Ah, yes, *Sigurd;* that's good," said the milkman—"tra la la, la la la, tra-a-la-la," and singing aloud, he rattled away in his cart.

"That wasn't from *Sigurd*—what he sings now," said a colored servant-woman in a red bandanna turban, nodding to the poor wife who had bought the milk.

"Yes, it was too," said the wife, vehemently; "it was that thing Hagen sings where—don't you know—lum-te-tum la la; oh la-la-la-la—don't you remember?"

"Oh, certainement," said the negress.

Sigurd! Sigurd! The name seemed to flit from tongue to tongue all over the city. "Ah, well," said the best barber in Royale Street, as soon as he had tucked his first customer into the chair, "we get *Sigurd* to-night, hein?" It was so at the watchmaker's in the next block to the French Opera-house. "I can't wait for to-night," said the skilful and prosperous mechanic: "I'm on in the chorus in *Sigurd*." He said this to a customer and not to any of his neighbors, because the best and most of his neighbors were in the same situation. The bartender in the old wine shop, the grocer on the corner, the clerk to the pawnbroker, the proprietor of the restaurant—all were in the chorus of the opera. And at least half a dozen of the women either in the shops or above in the tenements were chorus-girls or dancers or figurantes. However, that did not prevent them talking about *Sigurd*, and they did all talk of it and sing snatches from it. It was queer how far and deep the subject reached. You would have thought so had you, like me, seen a half-grown nurse-girl shaking a girl of ten, in her charge, because the child sung Brünnehilde's waking song a little out of tune in one place. In the old French part of town the theme lasted so long that at dinner the proprietor of the busiest of the creole restaurants called out to his waiters: "Hurry up! d——! They will all be late for the overture to *Sigurd!*" And a very great creole dandy, well known to all New Orleans—one who had been to Baireuth to hear *Parsifal*, and since then had affected small regard for French opera, called out, "Right, m'sieur; d——, we shall all be late."

"Oho! you," said the caterer; "I thought you did not care for our opéra français?"

"Oh," said the dandy, with an indescribable shrug, "but then *Sigurd*—it is different, *n'est-ce pas?*"

It was not much different across Canal Street in the American town; everybody mentioned the opera to everybody else. Up in the beautiful garden district where the house galleries hang over golden-orange trees and ruddy bushes of the Cherokee rose, and where all is as open and sunny and free as everything is closed and shadowed and damp in the creole quarter—up there the servants asked the mistresses if they might go to the opera, and the mistresses, full of the thought themselves, nearly all arranged to let them go. I am writing of this as if it were strange—as it is to me—but it is not strange in New Orleans. There was a little extra ripple of the general interest in the opera because *Sigurd* was to be played, but otherwise the excitement was not irregular. It recurs daily every year between autumn and the spring.

There may be in France or Belgium or Italy something like this concentration of a city's interest in grand opera, but there is not a parallel for it in America, I am certain. Grand opera has always been common to all in New Orleans. Think of it! It costs only ten cents to hear *Sigurd*, Reyer's magnificent, almost Wagnerian masterpiece. And though it has not yet been heard in New York I heard it in New Orleans two years ago, and it is now in the third year of its success there. They have sung *Samson and Delilah* and *Esclarmonde* there already—ahead of us in New York. All the people know the music of these operas—know it as they know the music of all the operas that are performed in Europe—well enough to hum and sing and whistle it. It is the creole element in particular that is so proficient and that so loves music, and yet the opera is guaranteed and managed by Americans and French together, and one hears as much talk of it in the Boston Club as in the creole quarter. Thanks to the ten-cent gallery and the corresponding prices of seats in the galleries below that, the tinker, the baker, and the candlestick-maker all alike know the exquisite, the heroic, and the popular music of the master composers. The children know it. They all but drink it in at their mothers' breasts, for their mothers and their negro nurses sing it to them. They are put to sleep with the *motif* of the Walpurgis night ballet, and soothed with a chorus from *Tännhauser*.

With the president of the Opera Guarantee Association, Mr. Horace Fletcher, and his charming little family, I went to hear *Sigurd* on the night of the last Tuesday in November. The house was packed, from the place where the forty-five skilled musicians of the orchestra sat to the back of the fourth gallery, with its checkerboard medley of black and white faces. The great old French Opera-house looked very pretty, all in white and gold, except the maroon draperies in the proscenium boxes. It is at least forty years old, and cost $400,000 for the building and its site. It suggests our old "Academy," but it is taller and shallower. It seats 2393 persons, and they pay 10 cents, 25 cents, 50 cents, and 75 cents in the galleries, and from $4 to $10 for the various sorts of boxes. The prettiest sight was that in the first gallery, where the mothers and daughters of the well-to-do families were seated in their open boxes in

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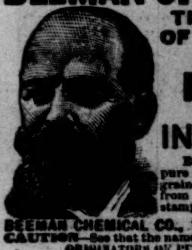

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gowns of those light-tinted stuffs that are peculiar to the well-dressed folk of New Orleans, and that enhance the picturesqueness and foreignness of the city. Vichy is what the most beautiful of these airy cloths is called, but crêpon, crêpe de Chine, and organdies are also very popular. With few jewels, with the ebon tresses of the creoles to set off the golden locks of the Anglo-Americans above the pretty lines of bare necks and arms and warm-toned simply fashioned gowns, the sight was one to revel in. The French use the only phrase to describe it—it was a bouquet of human roses.

When the curtain rose it ascended before a company of French singers that ranks in the third grade. First are the singers of the Grand Opéra and the Opéra Comique in Paris, then comes the company at Brussels, and then that at New Orleans, which is composed like the troupes that entertain Marseilles and Lyons. I have known a large sprinkling of artists from the Grand Opéra to be in the New Orleans troupe, but this year the only one so distinguished is Madame Tylda, a soprano. The others this year are simply the foremost singers who were disengaged when the troupe was formed. The whole force of 180 persons includes the fine orchestra led by Édouard Brunel, who is one of the great leaders of France, a second leader, and a leader of operettas. The troupe comprises an operetta (bouffe) company, a grand-opera force, and a ballet of one première, two secondes, and four quadrilles, in addition to a large staff of figurantes. Of the 180 only 95 were brought from Europe, for veteran and skilled local talent is sufficient to re-enforce the orchestra, the chorus, and the minor forces of the ballet. In the chorus I had pointed out to me a jeweller, a seller of cakes in the old French Market, a shoemaker, a decorator, and others, who, drifting to New Orleans with the opera, have settled down there.

Just back of the orchestra a visitor to the French Opera-house notices a double row of chairs that are for the most part unoccupied except on gala nights. These are the seats of the stockholders. Whoever promenades with the rest in the great foyer, between the lines of palms and ferns which decorate it, will have these stockholders called to mind again by a sight of the word "Club" on one of the doorways in the walls. The club and club-room are peculiar adjuncts of the opera in New Orleans. It is with a sense of being highly privileged that a New-Yorker finds himself admitted to the little club-room between the acts. Here are chairs and tables scattered about, there is a little bar in one corner, and the room is full of men talking aloud and freely, as men may who know intimately every man within the sound of their voices. They are discussing the new steps of Valdine, the première danseuse, or the wonderful tones of the two popular barytones. Nearly all are smoking the brown paper and black tobacco cigarettes, which are peculiar to New Orleans. Some are drinking wine or whiskey, but more are sipping jet-black coffee, which, they tell you, is very grateful to the human system down there, however hurtful it may be in other cities. Though the members of this little club are stockholders, not all the stockholders are club members. Ownership of stock is only one qualification. Having that, a man must undergo election, as in other clubs. Thus the coterie is kept congenial. Mr. J. E. Glenny is the president of the club, John W. Phillips is vice-president, and Louis Burthe is secretary. But the president of the association which owns the building is Mr. A. C. Hutchinson, known here and there as the president of the Morgan Line of steamships. Frank T. Howard, of the well-known New Orleans family, is vice-president, and Mr. G. W. Nott is secretary and treasurer for the stockholders.

Grand opera is so old an institution in New Orleans that it is customary for the people there to say, "We have always had it," as the Chinese might speak of their civilization. It dates from long before the rebellion. It used to have a precarious existence. Sometimes it paid small profits, and at other times it was helped along or "helped out" by one public-spirited citizen or another, who made up a season's loss or guaranteed a season without loss. A year ago a movement to guarantee good opera resulted in an organization of 400 persons (limited), who were pledged to pay $100 each if necessary. On their credit—the highest in New Orleans—the present company was formed. Of this public-spirited, influential, and in a great measure fashionable organization Mr. Horace Fletcher is president, Mr. George T. Denègre is vice-president, and Mr. Harry T. Howard is secretary and treasurer.

Every Sunday afternoon there is a performance of comic opera, and every Sunday night one of grand opera. Thus the substantial, homely old opera-house becomes a daily rendezvous for those who love music, and who satisfy their religious yearnings with a morning's attendance at church on the first day of the week. And thus, too, is strengthened the holiday character of the creole metropolis, which we who know it well regard as the pleasure capital of our country. Leisure, driven from all our other cities, or denied to all but a gilded few of their residents, still lingers in New Orleans as a ruling influence. Leisure and pleasure, music, dancing, the best of dining, a climate which for eight months is soft and sweet, such a plenty of flowers as to exceed belief, and fruit in the same profusion; clubs, brilliant stores, beautiful women, and cultivated men; picturesque and foreign streets, and the whole surrounded by country resorts that are incomparable for the favor they find in a Northerner's eyes—where shall we find another New Orleans? and why need we seek one? So I was thinking when the last act of *Sigurd* had been given, and I was hurrying down Bourbon Street. The cry of a negress selling pralines, those peculiar creole nut candies, brought me back to my footsteps. I listened.

"Allelulia!" she called. "Buy nice sugar-plums; allelulia!"

It was not an interruption, after all, but an echo of the same note that was in my soul. Allelulia indeed; sugar-plums, to be sure. For of such is the creole kingdom.

THE KHOJAK TUNNEL, BRITISH AFGHANISTAN.

On the 1st of January, 1892, by a great feat of engineering, England once more strengthened her hold upon northern India. The Khojak Tunnel was then completed and opened for the public traffic. It has been said that England has her right hand upon the Hindoo-Kush and her left hand upon the Khojak, for by means of the tunnel through the mountains she finds herself within sixty level miles of Candahar. The political significance of the undertaking is apparent at the first glance; anything that facilitates the movements of the troops stationed in northern India and the quick mobilization of forces upon the frontier strengthens the grasp of England's two strong hands.

The station of New Chaman is at the foot of a very steep grade, where the track winds in and out through the dead bare hills before it plunges into the side of the mountain. Within the railway yards at New Chaman are sixty miles of railway lines piled up in neat ten-mile packets, with the necessary sleepers and other accessories, ready at a moment's notice to carry the line into Candahar itself, which could be filled in a few days with the red coats and white helmets of the Empress of India. New Chaman is a brand-new army post. A few trees have been planted along the new-laid streets, the barracks and buildings are freshly painted, and the vegetables are just beginning to show in the public garden.

From the little station of Shela Bagh, at the eastern entrance of the tunnel, so steep is the gradient down to the plain that one of the inspector's little cars, which holds three or four people, can coast the entire distance and swing around the curves at the rate of thirty miles an hour. It is an exciting coast, now rushing from the cool air of the tunnel, out of the darkness into the dazzling sunshine, and down the long grades, creeping in some places, flying in others, with the air that roars in one's ears getting warmer all the time as the valley is gradually neared. Then about the last curve with a rush, and a long slide into the plain, up to the station of New Chaman.

If there is to be a struggle between Russia and England at any time in the future, Afghanistan will be the seat of war. Herat, Cabul, Ghazni, and Candahar w[illegible]objective points in Russia's possible campaign. But at [illegible]ent England possesses the key to northern India, and the tunnel through the Khojak range gives her the control of the fertile valley of the Argand-ab, Candahar as a base of supplies, and all India behind her.

A MORNING WALK.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

All hail! my brave, bright world of green and gold,
My morning, smiling from the kiss of night!
Your other lover greets you. Left and right
The air's a-twitter in the sunshine bold,
The air is praying in the shadowy wold.
Sole lord am I of all this realm of sight,
These swinging meadow sweeps, this proud delight
Of ranking hills, these clouds just out of fold.
Stoutly the sturdy road beneath my feet
Rings me a morning welcome. Rise, my soul,
The benediction of the sky to meet.
Sound, color, fragrance, freshness—mine the whole;
Mine to receive, and haply mine to give:
A kingly day, and kingly must I live.

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And curing all forms of
Skin, Scalp, and Blood humors,
When the usual remedies and even
The best physicians fail.
Entirely vegetable, safe, innocent, and palatable,
It especially appeals to mothers and children,
Because it acts so gently yet effectively
Upon the skin and blood, as well as upon the
Liver, kidneys, and bowels.
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Insures a clear skin and pure blood,
As well as sound bodily health.

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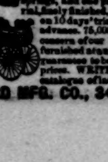

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——— M. D.

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